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History of Cornwall for Schools

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FOWEY HARBOUR.

Photo by Frith & Co.

HISTORY OF CORNWALL FOR SCHOOLS.

THURSTAN C. PETER,

WITH PREFACE BY

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

'Q'

TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP.

'But that one ripple on the boundless deep
Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself
For ever changing form, but evermore
One with the boundless motion of the deep.'

Redruth :

RICHARD TAYLER,

FORE STREET.

1905.

PREFACE.

Some years ago Mr. Peter wrote a History of Cornwall for his own children. Other parents asked him to publish it, and found the little volume so useful that in time a second edition was called for; and now he has enlarged and partly re-written it and added several illustrations, on the suggestion of some members of the Cornwall Education Committee who would like to see it in the hands of all Cornish children, believing that the best way to teach history is to begin by interesting a child in the history of his own neighbourhood.

I think our common sense ought to approve this method. It follows the natural process by which very young children enlarge their knowledge of the world about them: and to the objection that it may mislead them into confusing the 'annals of a parish' with the 'great wave that murmurs round the world' we reply that (as a matter of experience) an infant who starts by acquainting himself with his mother, his nurse, and so on to his uncles and aunts, and even the clergyman, does not necessarily proceed to mistake any of these for the Czar of Russia. Our contention is that, as in his daily life, so in his studies, his curiosity will naturally reach outwards through things familiar and close at hand.

Further, this method has been found in fact to interest and stimulate the child. It appeals to his eye as well as to his verbal memory (on which the old text books, with their lists of kings and strings of dates, entirely depend), and while enlivening the lesson it teaches him to observe and think for himself. I have in mind a certain small country school very far removed from any centre or highway of national life. Yet within a mile of it lies a

battlefield on which an army surrendered and a notable campaign was decided; above the battlefield rises a British earthwork; and the windows of the school look almost directly down, at close hand, upon a river and a causeway, still traceable, where the Romans forded it. Surely if these near scenes were explained to a child and he were told why the Britons built a camp just here and of this shape, how the Romans marched down to the ford and how most likely it was defended, how the later battle went and why the beaten army surrendered, he would find history something livelier than the lesson which at present too often passes him by like an idle dream only not quite so pleasantly. Teach him what men have lived and what deeds they did, it may be, on the very spot where he plays day by day, and the familiar fields will become a book to him; he will grow aware that his life too is part of the procession, and realise (we hope) something of the duty that his locality owes to England and he as a citizen, however humble, owes to both.

I need not say that this little book aims at no more than to awaken such an interest. It does not—it cannot—pretend to satisfy it. But it may at least suggest certain lines of instruction to the teacher, leaving him to fill in the canvas with local details. I believe there is not a square mile in Cornwall, or indeed in England, small island as it is in comparison with so full a past, but can be made to render a surprising account of history. I believe moreover that everyone who teaches a child to observe for himself contributes directly to the sum of human happiness. For most of our quarrels and intolerances arise from lack of observation, so that we hate our neighbour for assumed motives, intentions, habits, thoughts, of which he is really innocent. If by stimulating, as Mr. Peter's book is meant to stimulate, this latent power of observation we but increase by a little the understanding and good-will

amongst men, we shall have done something to help our children on their way; teaching them by the story of old quarrels to be tolerant in their own, and by records of old virtues and old aspirations, lingering in legend or rudely engraved in stone, to realise that theirs is a great heritage to improve.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

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*Not always; e.g. Castle Street, Tower Hill, & Barbican Hill at Looe, yet no castle known to exist.

HISTORY OF CORNWALL

FOR SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

THE NAME OF CORNWALL.

It is always interesting to know how and why any place where you find yourself is so called. If, as is often the case in Cornwall, you find a row of houses bearing names of places in South Africa, Mexico and so on, you may be sure you have found yourself among people who have been abroad to earn their living by mining. If you see streets called 'Inkerman' and 'Alma' you will probably find that they were built just after the great Crimean War. When in Truro you find a 'Castle Street' and a 'St. Dominic Street' you may be certain that the names are not accidental, and in this case you will find that Truro once had a Norman Castle where is now the cattle market, and a house of the friars of St. Dominic close by the street of that name.

Of course it is not always easy to know the meaning of the names and to get their history from them, for they are often in the old Cornish tongue, corrupted and changed through the long years that have passed since they were first fixed upon. But in Cornwall there are a few words that are frequently found in the names of places of which the meanings are well-known, as *Tre*, which is perhaps the commonest of all (Trewinnard, Treleigh, Trevemper, Trewirgie and so on), meaning a homestead, a hundred of

which in olden days were grouped together into a government district; *ros* meaning a heath, as Roscroggan, Roscrow, and so on; *pol* meaning a pool as Polruan; *pen*, a hill or headland, as Penzance.

So too with the adjectives. For example, *wartha* means upper, and *wollas*, lower, and you often find close together two estates of the same name except that one is also called wartha (as Kestle wartha) and the other wollas. Then *vean* means little, thus a part of Camborne is called Camborne Vean or "Little Camborne." It is always worth while trying to learn the meanings of names of places and of people. Very often in Cornwall the people took their names from the places where they lived, Roscrow, Tremelling and Carlyon, Rosevear and so on. Sometimes from the occupation they were engaged in, as Angove, which is our Cornish equivalent for Smith.

The old rhyme tells us:—

By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Car and Pen,
Ye shall know most Cornishmen ;

but there are a great many families of whom we are proud who came from elsewhere. Such names at Basset, Beville, Fortescue, St. Aubyn and so on remind us of the time when William the Conqueror covered the whole of our country with his Norman and Breton knights, whose descendants are still with us.

The meaning of the name Cornwall is not certain, but it possibly means the Welsh of the horn, that is the Welsh who lived in the land stretching out like a long horn. There is another Cornwall in France^{*}(spelt Cornouailles), but that was probably so called when about 1,400 years ago a lot of Cornish people settled there. When people want to explain a name they very often make up a story about it, and this happened in the case of Cornwall, and this old story I tell you, because it is quite a mistake to think that in learning history you must only read about what can be

proved to have really happened. It is interesting and necessary to know what people who died long ago *believed* to have happened.

CHAPTER II.

THE NAME OF CORNWALL.—A LEGEND.

The old legend tells us that Corinœus was the cousin of Brutus, who (so a similar legend says) gave the country the name of Britain. Two of the most charming books ever written are called *The Siege of Troy*, by an old Greek poet Homer, and the *History of Æneas*, by the Roman poet Virgil. They tell how Troy was taken by the Greeks in war, and Æneas, one of the king's sons, sailed away from the ruined city with his son Ascanius and others, and conquered Latium in Italy. Later stories tell us how after long years his great-grandson Brutus by accident shot his father and was banished from Italy. He went to Greece, where he found many Trojans in a state of slavery. Under Brutus' leadership they killed a great many of the Greeks, and got the Greek king Pendrasus into their power, and made him promise their freedom, and that his fair daughter, Ignoga, should become the wife of Brutus. The king was so anxious to get rid of the Trojans that he fitted out a fleet of ships for them on condition that they at once sailed away. They had many adventures. In one place the goddess Diana appeared to Brutus in a dream, and told him of a fair island in the west, peopled with giants, which he would conquer and he and his descendants rule over.

Away in search of this island he went until he came to Pyrene's Bay, (in Spain) where he found no less than four kingdoms of Trojan colonists, presided over by his cousin

Corinœus. Corinœus at once consented to join the party in search of the unknown island. They landed in France on their way, and having routed the king and army of that country, sailed across and landed at Totnes in Devonshire, about 1100 B.C. (*i.e.* before the birth of Christ, which, as you know, was 1905 years ago). Next day they were told of a band of giants in the neighbourhood ready to destroy them. Very soon the giants arrived, but the swords and arrows of the brave Trojans soon put them to flight. Their long legs and great strength enabled most of them to get safe away, but Gogmagog their chief, while hurrying westward to his own country, was surprised by the Trojans in a marsh. By Brutus' orders he was not killed, but made a prisoner, that the Trojans might watch a fight between him and Corinœus, of whose great strength they were proud. Corinœus was delighted. He would not fight, however, with his great battle axe, but only with his bare arms and hands, though Gogmagog was 18 feet high and had hair that stuck up and looked like dried heath, and was so strong that he could pull up whole oak trees by their roots. With the Trojans looking on these two had a wrestle. Corinœus threw his enemy on his back, and then lifting him up bore him still alive to the shore and threw him over Plymouth Hoe into the sea. For his bravery, Brutus and the Trojan council offered Corinœus any province in the kingdom he might choose, and he selected the county where we live, which had formerly belonged to Gogmagog, but was henceforth to be called Cornwall after the hero whom the Queen Ignoga named the first duke.

The poet Spenser alludes to this story in his 'Faerie Queene' (which one day you will read):—

'In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assignèd for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest,
He callèd Cornwaile.'



HUT CIRCLE, CARN BREA.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.

It is worth noting that tales of giants and tales of dwarfs are common to all nations. We know that even nowadays travellers come home with wonderful descriptions of people and things they have seen which, as we become better acquainted with them, are found to be quite wrong. An enemy who is met for the first time, and whose methods of living and fighting are new and puzzling, often gets described as a race of giants, and no doubt this is how Gogmagog and his companions came to be so considered. As late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and perhaps later, there were annually cut in the turf of Plymouth Hoe the figures of a large man and a small one, each armed with clubs—a work of art said to be a commemoration of this first Cornish wrestling; and it is an amusing and instructive fact that some few years ago some very large jaws and teeth found in excavating on the Hoe were recognised as belonging to Gogmagog! Another very common mistake is to believe in men with tails, a relic probably of a time when monkeys were supposed to be a species of men. The Devonshire men believed until only a very few years ago that Cornishmen had tails, and perhaps some of the ignorant people believe it now.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY.

By patient study men are finding out a great deal about what people lived here and what their habits were long before the days of written history. By opening their barrows (often called 'giants' graves'), by digging in caves and old dwellings and burial places we find their weapons, their ornaments and other things that tell us very much.

The earliest people we have yet traced are known as *Palæolithic* (or old stone) people—that is to say, people who not only knew not the use of metals and were compelled to make their weapons and tools of stone, but who had not learned to fashion even the stone into other than rude unpolished forms. There is at present much mystery about these people, and more recent discoveries tend to show us that they were far more skilful than has been supposed. We know that they could make really beautiful *bone* tools and could scratch a very decent drawing on stone or bone. There is no direct evidence that they lived in Cornwall; but in Devonshire they have been traced, in a great limestone fissure at Plymouth and in the celebrated Kent's Cavern near Torquay. Here have been found human skeletons and remains mixed with those of the lion, hyæna, rhinoceros and other great animals of which we have no trace now. It is believed that a mighty earth disturbance led to the flooding of all^{sent} southern Europe, drowning man and beast, and that it was the same great flood^{canon.} that filled some of our valleys with the tin pebbles. In many cases the bones of great animals, such as the mammoth, have led to the tales of giants which all sensible people still enjoy. This *may* have been the source of our Cornish giant tales.

The next folk we come across were still ignorant of metals, but highly skilled in the making of stone weapons and tools, and able to turn out very fair pottery. These are called *Neolithic* (or new stone) people, and of the remains of these Cornwall is full. These neolithic people it probably was who erected most of the stone circles, the *‘nine maidens’* and such like which have had such strange names given to them by folks who had forgotten what their purpose was. We will not here discuss who these neolithic people were or what relations they have still in Europe.^{rs, heard.}



PREHISTORIC WEAPONS AND TOOLS.

Photo by G. Penrose.

There was more than one body of them that immigrated to this country, and one of these seems to have consisted of a very dwarf race, so dwarf that many believe them to be the origin of the fairies and pigmies of our nursery tales. But I think that is a mistake.

Some of their remains are very interesting. To take only one example. On Carn Brea hill in Illogan is a large space enclosed by a wall made of small stones with an upright stone here and there to strengthen it. Remains of charred wood show that it was formerly made higher by means of a wooden palisade, at any rate on the south side where the slope of the hill is not so steep as on the north. Within this enclosure are a number of hut-circles—that is circles of earth or stone walls, on top of which was formerly a roof probably consisting of boughs covered with heath or fern, and supported by a pole in the centre. In some of these circles the fire place or cooking hole still exists in which the food was probably cooked in the same way that the Maories of New Zealand cook theirs to-day.

The floors are made of granite sand beaten hard. Out of these floors have been dug all sorts of weapons and tools of flint, small arrow and spear heads (so small as to make us think the people who used them were small too), ^{Surely} knives, scrapers for cleaning skins, etc., saws, awls, etc., and of other stone such things as hammers, spindle-whorls for weaving cloth and so on. Occasionally there is a stone seat (or perhaps sleeping bench, though rather narrow for that purpose). In one circle, a very large one close by a gateway in the south wall, there was more than one seat and *three* hearths. This was probably a guardroom for the soldiers watching the gate.

Behind the remains of the castle (for in later times there was a Norman castle here) is a great burial ground from which were dug many earthenware burial vases.

This was evidently a warlike little settlement, for several

hundreds of arrow heads have been found there. In later years the camp was occupied by people who used bronze weapons; perhaps, too, by the Romans and later still (as we have seen) by Normans, but we have nothing to do with them now.

For the information of young people in different parts of the county I name some other early settlements that they should visit if anywhere within reach. Bosprennis in Zen-
 meor in
 Zennor.
 nor, Chysauster in Gulval, Trewartha marsh in St. Cleer and Northill. The fogous, or artificial underground caves, in St. Buryan, Halligey, Sancreed and elsewhere should also be visited, but as we do not yet know for certain their age or their purpose I do not say much of them.

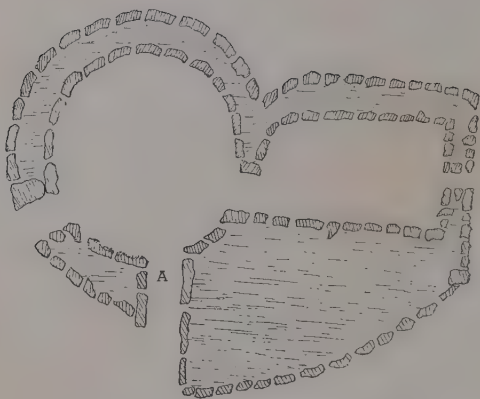
You must remember, too, that Britain was once a very different place from what it now is. Huge forests formerly covered the country^x, through which wandered the wolf, the wild boar, the aurochs, the terrible cave bear, and probably too the mighty mammoth, while by the river-side were large colonies of beavers. It is said that until quite recently there were the remains of an oak forest at Carn Brea. There are in all parts of the world forest beds under the sea (for much is now sea that was once land), and amongst them is one at Mevagissey, and another at Pendower, where a few years ago an oak tree twelve inches thick was dragged ashore, of which a portion is now in the museum at Truro.

But the ancient geography of Cornwall, and the question as to what different races we are descended from are too difficult subjects for young folk. All I need tell you is that the Cornish of to-day are probably descended from, at any rate, the following: from some old race or races of times before metals were discovered, and before history began; from a race akin to the Iberians of the Spanish continent; from Celts, from Saxons and from Normans.

There are several old legends explaining who the old



BEE-HIVE HUT, BOSPRENNIS. *Photo by Gibson Penzance.*



BEE-HIVE HUT, BOSPRENNIS, ZENNOR.
GROUND PLAN.



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE AT A. *After Blight.*

inhabitants of Britain were ; as indeed there are of every nation. One of these, which was formerly believed was this. You remember the bible story of the building of the tower of Babel. Well, mankind was then (according to this legend) all one nation, but after the destruction of the tower when ' the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth ; and from thence did scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth,' the children of Gomer (who was the son of Japhet, the son of Noah) wandered westward, and after a time their name became corrupted into Cumbri or Cimbri, and afterwards they were called Celts, and among the many nations they founded were the Gauls and the Britons, who were at one time called Gauls too. Probably there is this truth in the legend, viz. that they really did originally come from the east.

Another curious explanation the Britons who lived inland had of their origin. Like many other races who forgot their past history they thought (and some of their neighbours thought too) that they sprang out of the earth where they were.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY (*continued*).

THE PHCENICIANS.

You will recollect a lot about these wonderful people from your bible, and what is in your bible I am not going to repeat here. They were a brave, clever, adventurous race, very fond of finding out new countries, establishing colonies in them, and opening up a

trade. When they first discovered Britain is uncertain. Like all the ancients they were afraid of venturing into the Atlantic Ocean. About 600 years before Christ, Pharoah Necho, the king of Egypt (who slew Josiah, king of Israel at Megiddo, see 2 Kings xxiii. 29) sent some Phœnicians out from the Red Sea, bidding them go round Africa and up into the northern seas, and it is not at all unlikely that they then found Britain, which they would be able to see as they coasted up the shores of Spain and France; but nothing is certain. It is, however, probable that many hundreds of years before Christ the Phœnicians had discovered Britain, and were carrying on an extensive trade with it especially in tin from Cornwall and Devon.

Most probably they were not Phœnicians from the ancient city of Tyre, but from one of their colonies, perhaps Cadiz in Spain. The old writers tell about some wonderful islands whence the Phœnicians got their tin, and which were called the Cassiterides. These islands were probably in the Bay of Vigo in Spain and not (as many think) Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. The Phœnicians kept the situation of these islands a great secret, just as the Spaniards in the time of Queen Bess tried to keep their American gold-producing countries secret, and would have done so had not the Englishmen of that day (the bravest and most adventurous men that ever lived) found them out. An old writer called Strabo relates how on one occasion a Phœnician ship ran itself on a shoal and was wrecked, rather than let a Roman vessel that was pursuing it see the direction in which it was travelling, and how both ships were destroyed, the captain of the Phœnician vessel saving himself on the floating wreck, and being richly rewarded by his country for his risk.

THE GREEKS.

But just as the English found out the secrets of the Spaniards, so there were other brave people in those old

days who were not content to remain without finding these rich islands. But it took them a long time. The celebrated voyage of the Greek mathematician Pytheas, in the course of which it is clear that he landed in Kent, and equally clear that he did not (as some^x have thought) visit Cornwall, was undertaken somewhere about the middle of the fourth century before Christ in the time of Alexander the Great, and resulted in opening up the tin trade to the Greeks at Marseilles, the metal being apparently taken from Cornwall along the coast to the isle of Thanet (then called Mictis or Ictis)^{*}, and thence by water to the opposite coast. There were other Greek voyages to Britain, and the history of them is very interesting, but you can not understand about them until you know a great deal more history and geography than you will know for many years yet. I will merely quote one sentence from Diodorus, a writer who based his accounts on that of a traveller called Posidonius, who came to this country some time after Pytheas, and who thus describes the inhabitants of Belerium (that is Cornwall). 'The inhabitants of that promontory of Britain which is called Belerium are very fond of strangers, and from their intercourse with foreign merchants are civilised in their manner of life. They prepare the tin, working very skilfully the earth in which it is produced. The ground is rocky, but it contains earthy veins the produce of which is ground down, smelted, and purified. They make the metal up into slabs shaped like knucklebones,^a and carry it to a certain island lying off Britain called Ictis. During the ebb of the tide the intervening space is left dry, and to this place they carry over abundance of tin in their waggons.' I am confident that at any rate Posidonius did not mean Cornwall when he spoke of the Cassiterides or Tin Islands, but, as some

^x Most p

^{*} Ictis is
probab
St. Mic
Mou
not Th

^a One of these 'knuckle-bone' shaped pieces of tin was found in Falmouth Harbour, and is in the Roval Cornwall Museum at Truro.

people think he did, I will give you his description of the people he found there, though you will see how different it is from what you have just seen he says about the Cornish. 'The islands are ten in number: one is deserted, but the others are inhabited by people who wear black cloaks and long tunics reaching to the feet, girded about the breast; they walk with long staves, and look like the Furies in a tragedy: they subsist by their cattle, leading for the most part a wandering life: and they barter hides, tin, and lead, with the merchants in exchange for pottery, salt, and implements of bronze.' As you will learn directly, when the Romans came to Britain they thought they had discovered a new country. The Greeks who were a very imaginative people, with a great love for wonderful stories, wrote such extravagant tales about Britain that at last no one would believe anything they said, and people came to think that Britain was merely a fabulous place. These tales were mostly exaggerations of the real accounts that Pytheas and others had given of their voyages and are very interesting. Is it not strange to think that people in the reign of Alexander the Great, more than 2000 years ago, had novels and story books, just as we have nowadays?

CHAPTER V.

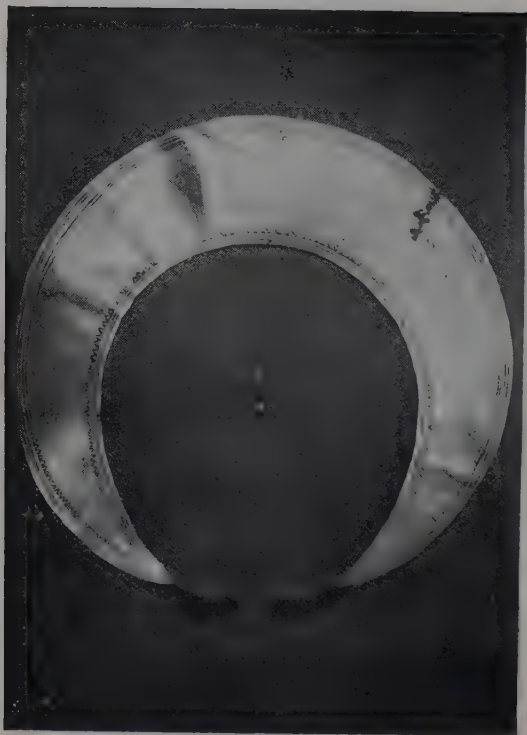
THE CELTS AND THE ROMANS.

The people whom the Celts found here on their arrival appear to have been of what is known as the Iberian, or Ivernian, race, a short dark race of which the traces are still common. But the history of the early races of Cornwall has not yet been worked out.



ST. PIRAN'S ORATORY.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.



GOLD ORNAMENT FROM HARLYN.

Photo by G. Penrose.

The Celts, whose blood is probably^x the principal factor in the making of the modern Cornishman, seem to have come to us from the neighbourhood of Switzerland, and to have had their primeval home in Central Asia. Their first arrival in Europe, as one of the great waves of immigrants that have successively rolled from east to west, was many centuries before Christ.^x They were members of the same great family as the majority of the European people (including the Angles and Saxons who afterwards conquered Britain), known as the Aryan, or Indo-European, family. It is worth remembering that no member of this family has ever been traced in a savage state.^x At what date B.C. they conquered this country is unknown. One of their favourite ornaments appears to have been the torque. In the museum at Truro are two beautiful ones found near Padstow (see illustration). The Celts evidently occupied every part of Cornwall, for throughout the county the great majority of the names of places belong to their language. It is worth noticing, too, that Cornwall still retains a Celtic peculiarity in having its dwellings scattered singly and in small hamlets, whereas where the Saxon was strong enough to impose his system of land tenure the people are mostly gathered in towns and considerable villages.

One great debt we owe to the Celts—it was from Celtic missionaries, Welsh and Irish mostly, that we learned the Christian faith. St. Ia, St. Uny, St. Piran and others, though we know little of their lives, yet deserve to be remembered with our warmest gratitude.

THE ROMANS.

The next great people who came to Britain were the Romans, who (so entirely had the Greek knowledge of this country been forgotten) rediscovered it. They landed about 50 years B.C. under Julius Cæsar,^x and after a time reduced

^xIn Kent

^xIt is possible the Celts never came to Cornwall

^xPossible c. 1000

^xToday

nearly the whole country to a province. They remained in Britain about 460 years, and then had to withdraw, all their soldiers being required to cope with the troubles that had arisen in their own country. Cornwall nominally formed part of the Roman province of Britannia Prima. Roman coins have been found in almost every parish in Cornwall, in many Roman pottery and ornaments have been found, some of them of great beauty, and there are several camps that were evidently occupied, if not constructed, by them. I shall here only name two, one at Bossens in St. Erth, and one at Tregear, Nanstallon.

The Romans never seem to have occupied Cornwall as they occupied most parts of England. There are here no traces of roads, or towns, or villas* or other works characteristic of that wonderful people. But there are evidences of their having been here for however short a while. For instance at St. Hilary is a stone inscribed to Constantine the Great, and at Tintagel another to his brother in law Licinius.* Whether the use of their language (Latin) on Christian monuments is evidence of their influence or, as is more probable, of that of the clergy who in olden times always wrote in Latin, may be doubted. But there are plenty of such monuments as, *e.g.* at St. Clement's, Truro, to the memory of Isnio, son of Vital; at Madron, at Cubert, at Tregony, at Camelford and many other places. In the well of the camp at Bossens were found some vessels, one of which is inscribed to the God Mars, and at Tregear (Nanstallon) camp and elsewhere beautiful Roman pottery, some of it marked with the maker's name.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAXONS.

The Romans naturally enough first withdrew their garrisons from the more distant parts of Britain, such as Cornwall, but it was not long before they quitted England altogether. The Britons who had been subdued by them had lost much of the old warlike power that had enabled them to offer such a brave resistance as they did to the Romans ; and consequently when they found themselves attacked by the fierce tribes from the north, the Picts and Scots, as they were as soon as the Romans had left them, they were unable to hold their own ; and very soon they invited aid from the Saxons, a fierce race of pirates who for centuries lived by attacking other people and carrying off their goods in ships, though they seldom settled down anywhere. However, when they were asked to help the British they readily did so, and having found what a rich and lovely country Britain was they determined to stay here.

Who were these Saxons ? And the Angles and Jutes who came with them ?

When the Romans were conquering all the known world there was one corner that always resisted them, and that was the country east of the Rhine and north of the Danube. You must look at your map, and there you will see in this region the river Elbe—and it was the tribes around this river who at length conquered Britain, and are the principal ancestors of the English of to-day, to whom they have handed down the liberty they so bravely kept in spite of the Roman armies. They were members of the great Teuton race who followed the Celts in their immigration from the east, and kept pressing them westwards.

They soon conquered all Britain except Wales and Devon and Cornwall.* Now the fact that they did not at once conquer Cornwall is one of great importance. When the rest of Britain was conquered by the Saxons it had for its religion Christianity, which the heathen Saxons stamped out and replaced by their own religion. Cornwall was not conquered by these Saxons until after the latter had been themselves converted, and so the Cornish preserved their Christianity, which had been established by the Irish missionaries at a very early date. For 1400 years at least, Cornwall has had the same religion, and that cannot be said of any other county in England. I shall tell you something about these old Irish missionaries in another place.

Another consequence of the fact that so long a period elapsed between the departure of the Romans and the time when Cornwall was at last subdued, is that there is a mass of wonderful old stories about the brave British people and their wars with the Romans and Saxons, which have been the subject of poetry ever since, and have lately been told by Lord Tennyson in verses which (though they distort the old legends) are so beautiful that they will be read and repeated centuries after we are dead. In a delightful old book by Sir Thomas Malory, called *Mort D'Arthur*, (that is to say 'The Death of Arthur') you can read some of these stories, in which the actual doings of real men and traditional stories of the gods are all mixed together in a tale which, though it is of course of no use as history, is yet very interesting and instructive. But these stories are not real history though no doubt there is much truth mixed with falsehood in them—and there are some real facts about this period of history which we know from the old Saxon chroniclers. I am not going to say anything more about Arthur—he is never mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle—but it seems probable that there really was



King Arthur's Castle
Tintagel

TINTAGEL CASTLE.

From Sketch by G. E. Treweek.

such a person ; and though we have no history of the battle of Badbury (in Dorset) where he is said to have beaten the English, yet we know that the first English king who got further west than Badbury was Ceawlin, who began to reign A.D. 556 ; later, that is, than when Arthur is said to have lived. Ceawlin carried his conquest as far as the river Axe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXONS (*continued*).

However, though they did not make head very fast against the Britons, the English every now and then had a great victory over them and took away a piece more of their land. In 658 they beat the Britons at a battle near Pen (somewhere in what is now called Somerset) and drove them back as far as the river Parret. I mention this battle especially to draw your attention to the fact that the English had now become Christian. They did not learn their new religion from the Britons but, as you know, from Rome ; but it had an important bearing on the history of the Britons.* When the English were heathen they used as soon as they conquered a piece of land to kill all the people except a few whom they kept as slaves. Now they were Christians they did not do this, but settled down amongst them, making many of them slaves, and probably after a little time married with them, and there is no doubt that many of the people of Somerset and Devon are descendants of the old British people, just as the Cornish are. As I say, the English kept on coming nearer and nearer to Cornwall, and in the reign of King Egbert we

* c.f. Germ.
(Visigoths)
in Sp.

find that Devonshire was already English, and that Cornwall was what is called tributary; that is, though not annexed, they had to pay money every year as tribute to the English. I suppose they were not very regular in paying, for Egbert had to go against them with an army, and in 813 marched through Cornwall and ravaged it. But at any rate he did not tame the Cornish, and in fact they were never really conquered; and in 823 we find Egbert had to fight with them again, and in a battle at Gafulford (somewhere on the Tamar) the Devonshire men gave the Cornish a good beating. But once more in 835, they rebelled, and, with the help of their friends the Danes, in their turn ravaged some of the English country. But in a great battle at Hengestesdun (Hingston Downs, near Plymouth) they were again defeated. The old chroniclers tell us that in 922 all the Welsh kings came to Edward and 'sought him to lord,' and he became lord of all Britain. But the Welsh do not seem to have kept faith with Edward's successors (if indeed, which I think is not quite certain, the Cornish-Welsh were amongst those who did homage). The Cornish-Welsh and English had lived together with equal rights in Devonshire, but in 926 Athelstan found it necessary to drive the Welsh out of Exeter (then the greatest town in the west), and to make them come and live on this side of the Tamar, in the country we now call Cornwall. Under the date 926 we find in the Saxon Chronicle this entry—'And he [Athelstan] ruled all the kings who were in this island; first Huwal, King of the West Welsh [Cornwall that is], and Constantine, King of the Scots,' and so on. Huwal, or Howel (as he is generally called), was not turned out, but seems to have gone to court and become a more or less important personage. His name is found attached to several charters where he called himself Howel 'regulus,' or 'sub-regulus,' *i.e.* deputy king. Another person who also signed these

charters was Bishop Conan, who seems to have been the last bishop of the old Cornu-British church, as Howel was its last native king. You see even from the time of Ceawlin's beginning to reign it took the English 350 years to drive the brave Welsh back even as far as that. I don't think there was much more fighting between the English and the Cornish, though in 939 there seem to have been disturbances here in consequence of which King Athelstan ravaged the county, and crossed over to Scilly and is said to have conquered those islands. A good feeling seems soon to have sprung up between the two races, and many English began now to settle in Cornwall, and in the time of King Edward, Confessor, (140 years later) we find Englishmen holding nearly all the land of the county.

It may interest you to know that we learn from the will of the great King Alfred that he held land in Cornwall.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORMANS.

Although the people of Devon and Cornwall resisted William the Conqueror longer than did some parts of England, and the city of Exeter stood a siege of no less than eighteen days, yet they were shortly subdued, and Cadoc, the last of the ancient earls of Cornwall, was deprived of his title and turned out of his possession, and the Conqueror's half-brother Robert of Morten was made earl in his place. William gave him about 790 manors, of which 293 were in Cornwall. There is little to tell of Cornwall in those times. Many of the Cornish manors were conferred by William on his followers, some of whom settled

here. It is doubtless to them that we owe the castles of Launceston, Restormel, Trematon and so on, once strongholds, but now merely picturesque ruins. In 1086, William caused to be compiled the great list of persons and estates liable to be taxed, which we know as 'Domesday Book.' It is a book at present very imperfectly understood, but learned men are every year clearing up difficulties, and we shall no doubt in a few years learn a great deal from it about the county. At present we cannot even tell how many people lived in Cornwall, or how much land here was occupied. But we can see that Cornwall was then a very poor county, and that it possessed more slaves than were at all common in England. Probably they were the descendants of the old Celts who had been subdued by the Saxons. It is interesting to note that in the manumissions (that is the freeings) of slaves written in the pages of the manuscript known as 'The Bodmin Gospels' (a MS. of the 10th century, now in the British Museum, but formerly belonging to a priory at Bodmin) the names of the slaves are nearly all Cornish, the names of their masters nearly all Saxon.

As you know, the Norman Conquest was in 1066. The next important thing in Cornish history happened in 1073, when two sons of Harold (who was slain at Hastings) ravaged the county and carried off a lot of booty to Ireland.

All through the Norman times we constantly meet with names of Cornishmen remarkable for their position and doings. I do not mean the old Cornish, but people who had settled here. Amongst others there were John of Cornwall (who disputed on theological questions with the celebrated Peter Lombard), the Bassets of Tehidy, two of whom were witnesses to Magna Carta (the great deed by which wicked King John was made to agree to restore the people's liberty that he had tried to take away), and

Michael of Cornwall, who was celebrated for his rhymes.^b There were several others, but it is no use giving you a number of names of people you know nothing about.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLANTAGENETS.

I will tell you how in 1337 Edward III appointed his son, the Black Prince, about whom so much is told in history, to be duke of Cornwall, and ever since then the eldest son of the sovereign is considered to be duke of Cornwall as soon as he is born, though he is only prince of Wales when he is formally appointed. The king also gave him several manors (most of which are in Cornwall) known as the lands of the duchy of Cornwall, and also the profits arising from the stannaries of Cornwall, and the coinage of tin, and these moneys are still paid though in another form. Perhaps Cornwall could better afford the money then than it can now; at any rate in some respects it was a thriving region. In 1347 we find that Fowey, which is now a very petty little port, was one of the most important in England, and when Edward III wanted ships for the siege of Calais, this little place sent no less than 47, which was more than were sent by any other town in England. In one respect the Black Prince was very much like other dukes of Cornwall since his time, and very

* Not the
own ship
only cel
there.
the 20
Looe.

^b One of his verses is often quoted by Cornish speakers. One of the courtiers of Henry III having made some lines disparaging Cornwall as an unprofitable place, Michael replied (in dog-latin), part of his retort being:—

'No need, where no need is, to number o'er
The sources whence our county feeds her poor,—
No sea so full of fish, of tin no shore.'

seldom came to see the people from whom he every year got so much money. He did once come to Restormel Castle, and another time visited two other places in the county, but this was only because he was at Plymouth waiting for the completion of preparations for an expedition he was then going to make into Gascony.

In 1348 the county was attacked by some terrible plague of which hundreds of persons died. It is *said* that in Bodmin alone 1500 people died, but I think that must be a mistake, as I do not believe there were so many people there. You must always recollect that in those old days there were not so many people as there are now, and that what now is a small town would then have seemed quite a considerable place. And we know from an old tax account that in 1377 there were in Cornwall only 34,274 persons over 14 years old, besides 686 clergymen and others of both sexes professing religion, so that there probably were not more than 60,000 or 70,000 persons of all ages in the whole county, if indeed there were so many. The population of the county even as late as 1700 is estimated to have been only 105,800; in 1801 192,281; while the census of 1901 showed it to have increased to as many as 322,334.

In the terrible Wars of the Roses as they were called, from the badges of the two parties, when from time to time during about thirty years people were slain in battle by thousands merely to decide what particular king should govern them and tax them, Cornwall suffered terribly, and many well-known Cornish names were found on one side or the other: Fortescues, Arundells, Courtenays of Boconnoc, Vyvyans of Trelowarren, and Borlases. In 1473 St. Michael's Mount was seized by the earl of Oxford for Queen Margaret, but after a long time was retaken by the sheriff of Cornwall, John Fortescue, who was fighting on the side of king Edward IV.

It was not until the time of Henry VIII that Pendennis and St. Mawes castles were built. No doubt the king wanted strongholds in the county as well for protection against foreigners as to keep the unruly people in order, not only to prevent their fighting against him, but to prevent their fighting against each other. The county seems long to have been in a very stormy state both before and after these wars, and neighbouring landowners seem pretty frequently to have attacked each other by force. Amongst the state papers of 1475 are some very interesting petitions against Sir Henry de Bodrugan (in St. Goran Parish) who seems to have been a very formidable man, so powerful and wicked, attacking houses and ships, and robbing every one, that he ruined the trade of the county, because merchants were afraid to come or go in any of its ports, until at length he was driven out of the county.

Prob: 1475

CHAPTER X.

IN TUDOR TIMES.

Though the Wars of the Roses were considered ended there were several rebellions on behalf of people who claimed to be entitled to the throne, and in these rebellions the Cornish took a large and conspicuous part. When one of its claimants, Perkin Warbeck, was protected by King James IV of Scotland (Scotland you remember was then a separate kingdom from England), Henry VII in 1493 got his parliament to vote him what was called a subsidy—that is, a large grant of money to be collected from the people—to enable him to hire an army to fight the Scots. The Cornish people were called on to pay £2500, their

share of this tax, and would not do it, and about 6000 of them met at Bodmin; and under Flammock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a smith, they marched through Devon, and took Taunton, in Somerset. John Basset, who was the sheriff that year, and whose house at Tehidy the rebels dismantled, ought to have stopped them but he did not interfere. The little Cornish army got close up to London, but at Blackheath the king's army met them and utterly defeated them, and slew about 2000, and Flammock and Joseph were hanged. The Cornishmen seem to have made a brave fight, and the length of their arrows was specially noticed: 'so strong and mighty a bow the Cornishmen were said to draw, for these Cornish were a race of men stout of stomach, mighty of body and limb, and they lived hardly in a barren country; and many of them at need could live underground, that were tinnerns.' So says Lord Bacon, who probably, wonderful man though he was, had very little notion of Cornwall. Indeed, very few people then did know much about it. It is said that in an old geography book of the days of Queen Elizabeth, Cornwall is described as 'a foreign country on that side of England next to Spain.'

Four years later (1497) Perkin Warbeck himself came to Cornwall and set up his standard at Bodmin, where he had himself proclaimed as King Richard IV. Large numbers of Cornish joined him, and the sheriff, Sir Peter Edgcumbe, was afraid to interfere with him or attack his camp on Bodmin downs. Perkin and his Cornish army marched off in safety, tried to take Exeter and failed, and proceeded to Taunton. But when the news came that the king and his army were marching on them the Cornishmen remembered their terrible beating at Blackheath and reflecting that 'he who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day,' went off home. Perkin fled and after lots of adventures was hanged. His wife whom he had

left at St. Michael's Mount was sent for by the king, who treated her very kindly and provided for her till she died.

On the Truro River is a place called 'King Harry's Passage.' There is a tradition in the district that Henry VIII himself was once here on his way to inspect Pendennis and St. Mawes castles, and that he slept at a farm house near by; but, however the tradition first arose, it seems to be a mistake as there does not appear to be any evidence of Henry's having come to Cornwall.

In reading the history of these old days you must continually bear in mind how the county and its people have changed—as indeed it is still constantly changing—because it is only by recollecting this that many of the facts of history can be understood by you at all. In the reign of Henry VIII Leland, the king's antiquary, visited Cornwall, and from his notes I copy two passages—'From Launston to Botreaux Castelle, first a 2 miles by enclosid ground having sum woodde and good corne. Thens an 8 miles by morisch and hilly ground and great scarsite of wood, insomuch that al the countery therabout brennith firres and hethe' (*i.e.* burns furze and heath) From Bodman to Redruth village, nerer to the North Se than to the sowth, be by montaynes, baren also, yelding bare pasture and tynne. From Redruth to Carne Godolghan, the contery ys hylly, very barren of greese, [*i.e.* grass,] and plenteful of tynne.' Even as late as 1780 the condition of Cornwall was so different from what it now is as to seem almost like another country. Cornwall was even then without great roads, and travellers had to use bridle paths, much as they do in many of our colonies to-day. Carriages were almost unknown, and even carts were very little used. Dr. Davey, writing of the latter period, says: 'I have heard my mother relate that when she was a girl there was only one cart in the town of Penzance, and if a carriage occasionally appeared in the

streets it attracted universal attention. Pack horses were then in general use for conveying merchandise, and the prevailing manner of travelling was on horseback . . . In Penzance, where the population was about 2000 persons, there was only one carpet; the floors of the rooms were sprinkled over with sea-sand, and there was not a single silver fork.' A description of the rectory houses at St. Breage and at Redruth, in the parish terriers (*i.e.* descriptions of the lands of the benefices) for 1727 mentions that there was only one room in each house with a wood floor, and that none were ceiled.

There is in the Public Record Office a very valuable and interesting paper, giving particulars of that part of Cornwall known as Penwith, which was drawn up for the guidance of King Henry VIII in raising a subsidy. Unfortunately the parts of the paper referring to Redruth, Illogan and Crowan are missing, and as to Camborne partly so—but of the others St. Ives seems to have been the most populous, and it only had about 340 people living in it—while the town of Penzance had only about 200 inhabitants. The person who had saved up most riches seems to have been one William Bree of Camborne, who had £200. This does not seem much nowadays, but in the 16th century people did not try for the great fortunes that are got together now; and, besides, £200 then would buy probably quite as much as £3000 now. I wish I could tell you how many people then lived in Redruth and Camborne, but I cannot. However, even if they were twice as big places as St. Ives (which is very unlikely) they would not have 700 people living in each of them. The parish register of Redruth shows that in the 16th century only about half a dozen people were buried every year (except indeed in 1591 and 1592 when a terrible plague slew no less than 96). And it was the same throughout the county.

You remember that King Henry VIII and his son Edward VI both tried to make changes in the religion of the country. Even wise men in those days used to think that people could always manage to believe what the law said they ought to. This is a very foolish notion, and it was especially foolish in those days when people were constantly rebelling rather than have the new religion pressed on them. In Edward VI's reign, amongst several other rebellions, was one of the people of Devon and Cornwall, who in June, 1549 (after one of the royal commissioners for putting down superstition had been stabbed by a priest called Kiltor, of St. Keverne, while engaged in pulling down images in Helston church), put themselves under a brave old soldier, Humphrey Arundel, and demanded a restoration of the liturgy, meaning the form of church service which had been used in the reign of Edward's father King Henry. For five weeks they besieged Exeter until the people inside were nearly starved; but just in time Lord Russel the king's general arrived, and after a great fight, in which most of the rebels were killed, the rest fled. The rebels were treated very cruelly, and Sir William Kingston, the provost-marshal who was sent down to Cornwall to punish them is said to have been especially harsh, and to have made matters worse by always treating the punishments as if they were jokes. For instance, he sent word to the mayor of Bodmin, Boyer, who had been one of the rebels, to say he would come and dine with him. Proud of such a guest, Boyer prepared a splendid feast. The provost arrived, and just before dinner he called the mayor aside and told him that, as there had to be an execution of a rebel that afternoon, he must order a gallows to be ready against they had finished dinner. So the mayor ordered the gallows and they sat down to dinner. After dinner the provost asked Boyer to take him to the place of execution, and when he

arrived he said: 'Do you think the gallows is strong enough?' 'Yes, certainly,' said Boyer. 'Then get up at at once,' said the provost, 'for you are the rebel it is prepared for.' So poor Boyer was hung. Even if it was right to hang him as a rebel, though I am not sure even about that, certainly the provost's was not the right way of doing it. A similar story is told of the mayor of St. Ives. I think that perhaps Sir William was not really so cruel as these stories suggest.

CHAPTER XI.

IN TUDOR TIMES (*continued*).

During the whole of what are called the Tudor times many Cornishmen did brave things, but, as they do not affect the general history of the Cornish people, I shall only just mention some of them. In the reign of Elizabeth, a brave Cornishman, Sir Richard Grenville, fought very bravely against the Turks; and in 1591 in the little ship 'The Revenge' fought against a large Spanish fleet at Flores, in the Azores, and though his ship was unaided by any other he fifteen times drove back the Spaniards, and destroyed four of their vessels; but 'ship after ship the whole day long, their high-built galleons came,' and all night too; and at last Sir Richard was shot in the side and the head, his powder all spent, his pikes all broken or bent, and his masts and his rigging were lying over the side of the ship, so that his sailors with the hope that they might 'live to fight again and to strike another blow' yielded to the enemy. It is one of the grandest stories of bravery in English history, and though most of the men were Devonshiremen, no doubt some Cornishmen had fol-

lowed their brave Admiral. Lord Tennyson's poem about the fight is one of the most spirited in the English language.

In the great fight with the Spanish Armada (1588) there were 7760 Cornishmen in the English fleet, and one English galleon called 'The Dudley,' was commanded by James Erisey, a Cornishman. In 1601, 100 Cornish gentlemen fought under Sir Francis Vere in a war in the Netherlands.

But in 1599 occurred an event which is more interesting to us. People in England were expecting the Spaniards to come with another great armada, and again the spirit of the people rose to protect the country against the danger that threatened. The Cornish were not behind others in doing their duty; in fact they were especially bitter against the Spaniards, who on the 23rd of July, 1595, had sailed with four galleys into Mount's Bay and landed 200 men, who burnt Mousehole, Newlyn and Penzance. The inhabitants (then only about 200 in number) fled, but were met and rallied by Sir Francis Godolphin, who then lived in Godolphin Hall, a beautiful house in Breage, of which much still remains. Sir Francis at once sent to Plymouth for help, and as his letter still exists, I give you a copy of it. He wrote as follows:—

'At this instant four galliasses at ancker before Mousehole, their men landed, that towne fired, and other houses thereabouts, no more of their fleet in sight, 50 or 60 were seen Monday evening, and yesterday thwart of Falmouth, now consider what is to be done for your own safety, and our defence. Written on the greene beyond Penzance this Wensday, about one of the clock, the 23rd of July 95.

Yours,

FRAS. GODOLPHIN.
THOS. CHIVERTON.

There is assemble about
200 naked^c men. I attend
the coming of more, and
so to make hed toward
the enemy.

^c That is, without armour.

Addressed—

To the right worshipful Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins,
Knights General of Her Majesty's Forces now at Plymouth.

With all haste post.
Haste for life.

From post to post by the ordinary post, for Her Majesty's special
service.

FRAS. GODOLPHIN.

Sir Francis, whose followers were a motley, disorderly and unarmed crew, would have retired to Penzance for shelter, but those with him persisted in advancing on the Spaniards, who withdrew to their ships but soon landed again 400 strong, and drove Sir Francis back till he had to abandon Penzance, which was fired by the Spaniards. While the Cornish were on the western green (the present esplanade), they were fired on by the Spaniards on land and by the ships in the bay, but they did not suffer much loss, there being 'only a constable unhorsed without any harm saving the shew on his doublet of the bullets sliding by his back, yet many in fearful manner, some fell flat to the ground, and others ran away.' At length, as the news spread, Cornishmen from other parts came in and compelled the Spaniards to withdraw, and 'within one hour after the arrival of these captains, the wind, which was until then strong at south-east, with mist and rain, to have impeached the galley's return, suddenly changed into the north-west, with very fair and clear weather, as if God had a purpose to preserve these rods for a longer time. The wind no sooner came good, but away pack the galleys with all the haste they could.' On the 25th help arrived from Plymouth, but by that time the Spaniards were beyond reach.

Two years before, in 1597, the Spaniards would have seized all the vessels in Falmouth harbour had not a storm dispersed their fleets at Scilly, where Sir Francis Godolphin was waiting to fight them. Now in 1599 the people of

Cornwall and Devon were full of zeal in the work of defence; and large numbers of volunteers were formed into camps on Maker Heights and at Fowey, and went into garrison at St. Michael's Mount and Pendennis. The Spaniards did not come back after all, but if they had they would at any rate have met with brave enemies in the hardy Cornishmen.

CHAPTER XII.

1624-40 the "Sallee rovers" (or Moorish pirates) captured large numbers of Cornishmen (80 Looe men in 10 days, in 1625) and carried them away as slaves. They also landed, and burnt Mousehole, & attacked Penzance.

THE STUARTS.

Until the great rebellion that I am going to tell you about, I do not know any war in England that makes you care which side won—but in this great fight it is different. Even children cannot help 'taking sides.'

But it was a difficult question for men to decide then which side they should fight on. It is always a serious thing to disturb the established order of government and religion, for in tearing up the evil one is apt to tear up the good also. On the other hand matters had fallen into such a state of corruption that it was almost impossible to stand by and do nothing. The religious question embittered the fight; for then, as unfortunately now, the people who believed that they were bound by the authority of the church and those who believed in private judgement were not content to let each other alone to follow the teaching of their own consciences, but each persisted in interfering with the other. Father and son, brother and brother were on different sides, and every good man and woman was miserable until the war was over. I cannot of course tell you the history of the war except so far as it directly

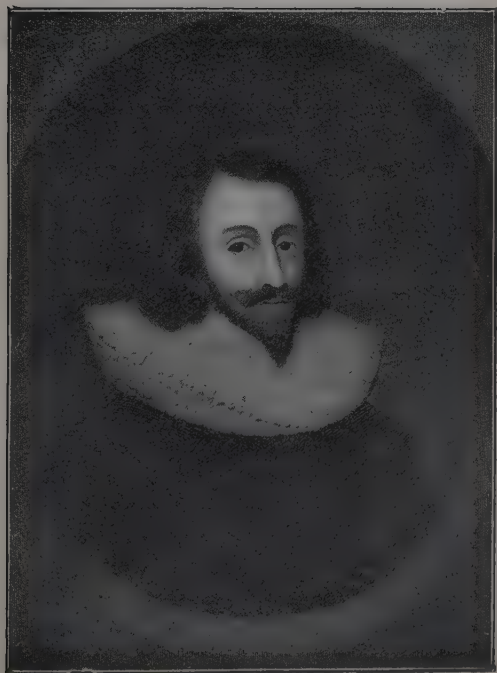
affects our own county. The Cornish had, like the rest of their countrymen, long borne with patience the high-handed conduct of King Charles. Like others they had presented petitions for the redress of grievances, asking (amongst other things) for the fortification of the harbours of Fowey and Helford, and that the castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes should be repaired and strengthened. But Charles was too busy seeking the objects of his own ambition, to trouble much over the needs of his people. He had recently offered the Cornish an injury that they deeply felt. Their fellow-countryman, Sir John Eliot, (whom the historian Hallam calls 'The most illustrious confessor in the cause of liberty which that time produced') was member of parliament for St. Germans, a post to which he had been called on leaving the prison to which James I had unjustly and illegally consigned him. You have read in your history books of the celebrated duke of Buckingham, who, being a great favourite of Charles, was constantly being placed in offices of trust for which he was wholly unfit.^d Well he was impeached (*i.e.* proceeded against in a manner very usually adopted against political offenders) and Sir John Eliot, and Sir Dudley Digges who together conducted the impeachment, were thrown into prison. They were, however, soon released; but shortly afterwards, (1629) Eliot was again imprisoned, and in 1632 died in gaol of the harsh treatment he had received. This was bad enough, but the king meanly (and therefore foolishly—for nothing vexes

^d Although it is not connected with the history of Cornwall, I take this opportunity of telling you how much history there is hidden away in the 'Nursery Rhymes' that all sensible children are so fond of. One well-known one refers to this duke of Buckingham's disastrous expedition to Spain. It begins—

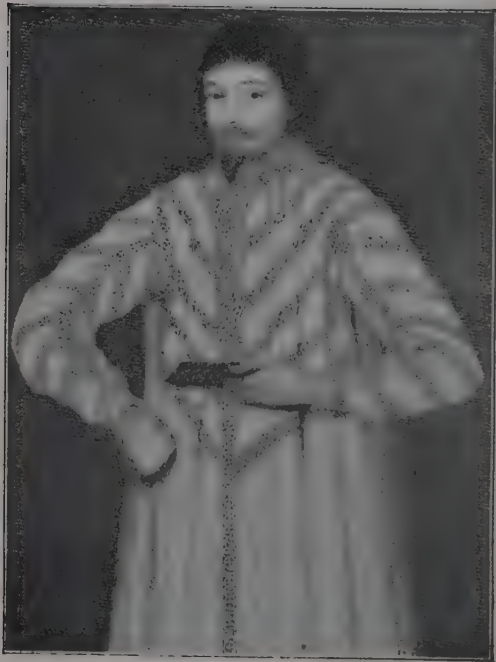
'There was a monkey climb'd a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he!'

And ends—

'There was a navy went to Spain,
And when it returned it came again!'



SIR JOHN ELIOT.



SIR JOHN ELIOT.
(Just before his death.)

people so much as meanness) refused to allow his family to bring his body down to Cornwall to be buried. Such things as this, coupled with the king's attempt to illegally tax the people, had raised a storm of indignation throughout the whole country, in which Cornwall shared. Charles, who was very proud of his way of managing people, tried bribing many of the friends of liberty to desert the people's side for office or for money. Among those who yielded was, I am grieved to say, a celebrated Cornish lawyer, William Noy, the attorney-general. At length, however, Charles found nothing left him but to be honest and just or to fight, and, unfortunately, he decided to fight his people.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIGHTING IN CORNWALL DURING THE GREAT REBELLION.

Charles set up his standard in Nottingham on the 25th of August, 1642, and Hopton, his commander of the horse, in company with Sir John Berkeley and about 120 troopers came into Cornwall, where they were cordially welcomed by the celebrated Sir Bevil Grenville. On his advice they left east Cornwall, where the people mostly supported the parliament, and came to Truro, the people in the west of the county being strongly royalist. Lord Clarendon, who lived at the time and wrote a very interesting history of the war, points out how the Cornish were divided in their opinions. There was (so he says) 'a wonderful and superstitious reverence towards the name of Parliament, and a prejudice to the power of the Court, with, however,

a full submission and love of the established government of Church and State, especially as concerned the Liturgy or Book of Common Prayer, which was a most general object of veneration among the people, and jealousy and apprehension that the other party intended to alter it was a principal advancement of the king's service.' Most of the leading Cornishmen were, however, heartily for the king, and if Lord Robartes of Lanhydrock, the Boscawens, Sir Alexander Carew and Sir Richard Buller were for the parliament, the leaders of the king's party were more numerous and more important. Amongst them were Basset of Tehidy, Molesworth, Grenville, Vyvyan, Enys, Borlase, St. Aubyn, Edgcumbe, and many others. As soon as war broke out Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir John Berkeley with a small body of horse came into Cornwall, and joining Sir Bevil Grenville and his forces, marched to Truro. Sir Ralph and his party were apprehended, and taken before the justices as 'certain persons unknown, who were lately come armed into the County against the peace;' but were released on production of the king's commission; and the tables were turned by Sir A. Carew and Sir Richard Buller being charged and found guilty by the grand jury of unlawful assembly. The justices ordered the calling out of the militia, and with the 3000 foot soldiers thus obtained Sir Ralph Hopton marched against Sir Richard Buller, who being besieged in Launceston stole away in the night; but the Cornish militia refused to follow him out of their own county, and were soon disbanded. Hopton then again came to Truro, which he made his head quarters, and collected a body of volunteers who fought for the king bravely and successfully here and in Devonshire. The king sent a regiment to assist them, and the parliamentary general, the earl of Stamford, collected a large army and invaded Cornwall. The advance guard of the army under a Scotchman called Ruthven, having with great difficulty



LAUNCESTON CASTLE.

Photo by Frith & Co.,

crossed the Tamar, marched towards Bodmin where the royalists were waiting. On the 19th of January 1644, the armies met on Braddock Downs, near Lostwithiel, and the parliamentary army was put to complete flight, and chased into and beyond Liskeard, and 1200 of them taken prisoners. You will be glad to hear that the Cornish were not cruel. Lord Clarendon says of them 'when resistance was over the Cornish soldiers were very sparing of shedding blood, having a noble and Christian sense of the lives of their brethren, insomuch as the common men, when they have been pressed by some fiercer officer to follow the executions, have answered they could not find in their hearts to hurt men who had nothing in their hands.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHTING IN CORNWALL DURING THE GREAT REBELLION (*continued*).

Sir Bevil Grenville (whose letters during this period to his wife are very graphic) gives a different reason for the small loss of life. In a letter to her written on the day of the fight, he says 'Their courage so failed as they stood not the first charge of the foot, but fled in great disorder, and we chased them divers miles. Many are not slain because of their quick disordering,' that is, they scattered so quickly and widely over the country that they could not be easily caught. The parliamentarians, who soon became as grand and well-disciplined soldiers as the world has ever seen, were at first the very reverse. Colonel Nicholas Borlase once set a great furze brake on fire in the night, and the parliamentary forces, taking it for the fires of a

royal camp, at once fled, leaving behind them bag and baggage which were seized by the royalists. One division pursued Stamford into Devonshire and the other took Saltash and chased the parliamentarians down over the steep rock on which the town is built into the river, where very many were drowned. The Cornish had no great guns and found they could not take Plymouth, and the weather being very cold, they broke up the camp and went to Tavistock, which was near enough to Plymouth to allow them to watch the enemy's movements. Constant small skirmishes took place in different parts of Devon and Cornwall; but at length the officers of the army of the parliament collected a large force of nearly 7,000 men and determined to conquer the stubborn Cornish royalists once for all. The royalists, too, as soon as they heard this, collected all the force they could, but they were not one to two of the other side, and, besides, had very little powder and bullets left, and were very short of food. Lord Stamford formed his camp on a hill at Stratton, and threw up what are known as 'earthworks' to protect his position. Having done this, he sent most of his horse soldiers to Bodmin to try and catch the sheriff of Cornwall and other leading men before they could join the royal forces. The royalists though not nearly as numerous as the enemy, and worn with hard work and hunger, determined to attack the camp, and on the sixth of May, 1643, they did so. Their powder ran short, and they had to fight on with their pikes and swords, but their hearts were brave and their leaders skilful, and after a hard day's fight they won a glorious victory; 300 of the enemy being killed on the spot, while 1700 of their men and 30 officers were made prisoners, and all the ammunition and stores taken. This battle, which is known as the 'Battle of Stratton,' is recorded on a tablet which, I am told, can still be seen built into the wall of a house at Stratton.



RESTORMEL CASTLE.

'Then 'spur and sword!' was the battleword, and we made their helmets ring,
Shouting like madmen all the while 'For God and for the King'
And, though they snuffled psalms, to give the rebel dogs their due,
When the roaring shot poured thick and hot they were stalwart men
and true.'

The following letter from Sir Francis Basset, of Tehidy and St. Michael's Mount, refers to this fight.

'Truro, this 18th May,
6 o'clock, ready to march.

Dearest Soule,

Oh, deare soule, praise God everlastingly. Reade this enclosed, ringe out the bells, rayse bonfires, publish these joyfull tydings. Believe these truths, excuse my writing larger [*i.e.* more fully], I have no tyme; wee march on to meete our victorious friends, and to seaze all the rebells left, if wee can finde such livinge. Your dutyous prayers God hass heard. Bless us accordingly, pray everlastingly, and Jane and Betty and all you oune [*own, i.e.* all the family].

Thy owne,

FRAS. BASSET.

Pray let my cousin Harry know these joyfull blessings. Send word to the ports south and north to searche narrowly for all strangers travelling for passage [*i.e.* across the sea], and cause the keepinge them close and safe.

To my dearest, dearest friend, Mrs. Basset, att the Mount.
Speed this, haste, haste.'

This letter certainly does not give much information and no doubt his 'dearest friend, Mrs. Basset' wished as we do that he had written 'larger,' but it is a fresh, joyous happy letter, such as a rough soldier might be expected to send to her whom he seems to have loved well. Probably the enclosure referred to gave more particulars and was for her to show to other people.

The Cornish now determined to carry the war out of their own county and marched at once into Devonshire. They passed by Exeter, whither Stamford had retreated, as being too strong for them to attempt, and proceeded to Chard, where they joined the king's forces under prince Maurice. The Cornish army was regulated more like that of the parliament than the rest of the royal forces. They

allowed no drunkenness or immorality, whereas the king's army had as many wicked men in it as have ever been got together before or since. This, and the fact that the Cornish officers found themselves placed in an inferior position to those already with the king, and that slighting remarks were made about their soldiers, led to a great coolness between the prince and the brave Cornishmen, and for some time it seemed as if the latter would march home and disband; but the discontent passed away, and the Cornish accompanied the king's troops, and after several fights found themselves outside Bath, inside which was the strong and well-provided 'parliamentary force under Waller. After several ineffectual efforts, the royal force at length (5th July, 1643) succeeded in drawing Waller into an engagement at Lansdown, outside the town. The battle was hotly fought; but at the end of the day the royalists were victorious. Their victory was owing principally to the bravery and firmness of the Cornishmen whose losses were very heavy, as indeed were those of the whole army. Amongst those killed was the brave and chivalrous Sir Bevil Grenville, of Stow, 'The most generally beloved man of the county of Cornwall.' It was he, you will remember, who had won the battle of Stratton.*

* Sir Bevil was accompanied in this fight, as at Stratton, by his faithful retainer, the witty, brave, kind-hearted giant, Anthony Payne. Anthony, who stood 7ft. 4in. in his stockings, was conspicuous by his bravery and skill both at Stratton and Lansdown. He was afterwards made a yeoman of the guard by Charles II, and had his portrait painted by the great Sir Godfrey Kneller. This beautiful painting is now in the museum at Truro. The late Mr. R. S. Hawker wrote the following spirited verses about Sir Bevil, which are well worth learning by heart—

SIR BEVILLE—THE GATE SONG OF STOWE.

Arise! and away! for the King and the land;
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,
Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

An old Cornish rhyme runs—

‘ The four wheels of Charles’ wain—
Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning slain.’

The Cornish had by this time gained a great reputation as brave and able soldiers, and Waller and his army did not seem at all anxious to meet them again in open fight; but as soon as the king’s army made the mistake of shutting themselves up in Chippenham, Waller thought the opportunity of cutting them off from their friends too great to be missed. He accordingly took up his position on Roundway Downs, and began cannonading the town, which was apparently not strong enough to resist. Most of the royalists, finding that they could not defend the town, or escape from it, sent a force who cut their way through the enemy and got to the king at Oxford. The Cornish were left to keep the town as best they could. They held out bravely for some time but must have been all killed and captured had not a large force arrived under the earl of Carnarvon and dispersed the parliamentary

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel;
And ride for old Stowe, where the banner’s unrolled
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,
And Harris of Hayne’s o’er the river;
From Lundy to Looe, “One and all” is the cry,
And the King and Sir Beville for ever!

Ay! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornishmen,
’Mid the names and the nobles of Devon!
But if truth to the king be a signal, why then
Ye can find out the Grenville in heaven.

Ride! ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,
’Tis a race for dear life with the Devil;
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the king must give way,
This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

So with Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,
But vain were the visions he cherished;
For the great Cornish heart that the king loved so well,
In the grave of the Grenville is perished.

army. The Cornish sallied out and helped to defeat the enemy and the royal army marched to Bath, which they easily captured, and pursued the garrison to Bristol, then the strongest fortified town in England. The siege was long and the losses of the royalist army very heavy—but at length the town was surrendered by Fiennes its commander, who seems to have been more anxious to save his own life than to do his duty to those who gave him his high and important trust. Throughout the whole siege the Cornish were conspicuous by their bravery and unflagging energy—but they suffered terribly. Many of their leaders and about 500 common soldiers were killed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT REBELLION (*continued*).

‘Evil communications corrupt good manners,’ and the Cornish, like too many of the king’s forces with whom they were, were beginning to lead loose lives and to think more of plunder and self-indulgence than of duty. Many of them now deserted and went home with their booty, and the rest when ordered to go to Gloucester, which was being besieged by the enemy, flatly refused, and marched away towards home. On their way they took some towns and tried to take others, but failed. Amongst the towns they took was Dorchester, the garrison of which yielded at once without fighting, in utter fear of the Cornishmen, of whom fugitives from Bristol related that they cared so little for fortifications that they thought nothing of running up a wall 20 feet high! They also took Exeter after a hard fight; and as soon as the king heard it he wrote the



SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE.



ANTHONY PAYNE. *Photo by G. Penrose.*
(From Painting by Kneller.

Cornish people a letter thanking them. Copies of this letter, which pays so just a tribute to the unselfish devotion of the Cornish people to the royal cause, are still to be seen in several Cornish churches. It is a pity they have ever been removed from any.

After the taking of Exeter, the royal forces foolishly wasted their time in besieging Dartmouth, and when they came to the much more important town of Plymouth, they found that the parliamentary officers had used the interval to throw supplies into it. The royal army sat down before it, but were soon driven off by an army under the earl of Essex. The earl then wished to retire eastwards to help Waller in fighting with the king, but yielded to the views of Lord Robartes and other Cornishmen on the parliamentary side, and marched into Cornwall with a view to reducing the whole county. Sir Richard Grenville, the brother of the brave Sir Bevil, was now in command of the Cornish royalists. He was a brave and able but overbearing man, who quarrelled with his brother officers, and gave offence everywhere he went. He was driven back from Launceston; his house at Stow was taken by storm, and things generally were going badly with him, when the king in person arrived in Cornwall with his army and joined him.

The king was accompanied by one Richard Symonds, whose interesting diary still exists. He gives us particulars of the movements of the army; but the most valuable part of his notes is about the churches, and mansions and heraldry of the county. For instance 'Friday, 2 August, 1644 . . . His Majestie, etc., marched about 4 in the morning, and came that night to Liskard Com. Cornub. [*i.e.* in the county of Cornwall] a mayor toune, large, the buildings of stone covered with slate, one church.' Having reached Menheniot he remarks: 'This part of Cornwall which wee have seene they account

barren. The people speak good and playne English here hitherto.'^f Having arrived in the county, the king with 10,000 foot, 500 horse and 20 guns, took up his position on Caradon Downs near Liskeard. He addressed some wise words to his army, reminding them that they were among a people to whom he was much indebted for their self-sacrifice and bravery on his behalf, and he absolutely forbade any plunder. Had his officers and soldiers acted up to this, the king's fate might had been very different from what it was. A party of the king's horse at Boconoc House was overpowered and several of them made prisoners. And skirmishes took place every day in and about Liskeard. If you look at the map of Cornwall you will see that between the river Fowey and Tywardreath Bay there is a narrow neck of land. Here the parliamentary force took up their position and were soon hemmed in by the king. There were several fights and skirmishes which I do not intend to write about—they were much the same as most things of the kind. When two bodies of men are set against each other to fight, you may be sure that many brave and heroic acts will be done, but most of what is done shows only how very little better man is than the wild tigers and other savage beasts. Lanhydrock (Lord Robartes' beautiful house—which is beautiful still in spite of a great fire there a few years since) was taken, but I am glad to say that Prince Maurice who commanded the royalists would not allow it, or the valuable things it contained, to be destroyed. One soldier caught thieving was hanged by his orders on the spot, and (as Symonds tells us) a ticket fastened on him stating that he was hanged 'for plundering the Lord Roberts his howse.' On the 21st July, 1644, Restormel Castle which had been repaired and garrisoned by the parliamentary army was taken by storm.

^f See notes on old Cornish tongue in Appendix.

You can see the ruins of this old castle from the railway. Meanwhile the king moved on to Lostwithiel, while the largest part of his forces still shut up the parliamentary army by Tywardreath. From this dangerous position, however, they soon escaped owing to the carelessness of the royal forces, and though they were pursued by the king and severe fighting went on for several miles, Essex and most of his army got safe away. However, Major General Skippon and 6,000 men who were left behind, had to surrender to the king with all their arms and ammunition and 38 cannons. I am sorry to say that the Cornish people were learning to be greedy and cruel, and the poor unarmed soldiers of the parliamentary army were cruelly treated by our peasants, especially by the women, and everything they had was taken from them. Probably the poor peasants were getting maddened at the horrors of the war which (as is always the case) had not seemed very cruel to them as long as the fighting was a long way from their own homes. The parliamentarians too did very much to provoke them. At Lostwithiel they had occupied the church, and secured their prisoners there; and insulted at the same time the religion and the political creed of the royalists by baptizing an old horse 'Charles' in mockery of the king. Symonds (who tells us the story) relates that 'The night they marched away two of the prisoners, being rich men of Cornwall, gott up in the steeple and pulled up the ladder, and called to the Marshal, jeering at him. 'I'le fetch you downe' said he, and sett mulch and hay on fire under them; besides, they shott many muskets into the belfry at them; all would not doe. Then he fetcht a barrel of powder and gave fire to it, threatening to blow them up, and that blew into the church and blew off most of the slate and yet did no hurt to the prisoners.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PARLIAMENT.

I daresay you think kings always live in state and have everything comfortable about them even when other people are suffering. This is quite a mistake. The king had sometimes to sleep out all night in his coach, and on one occasion at Lostwithiel was compelled to sleep out in the rain under a hedge all the night. He left the county on 6th September, 1644. Sir Francis Basset (he had been knighted after the battle of Braddock Downs) wrote at once to my lady at 'her Tehidy' the following letter—

'Thanks to our Jesus.

Dearest Hartt,

L—is the happy messenger to the West of Cornwall. Peace and I hope perpetual. Sadd houres I have seen many, but a joyfuller pleasanter day never than this. Sende the money, as much and as soon as you can. Sende to all our ffriends at home, especially this good news. I write this on my saddle. Every friend will pardon the illness of it, and you chiefly, my perfect joy.

F. BASSET.

The Kinge and army march presently for Plymouth. Jesus give the Kinge it and all. The Kinge in the hearing of thousands, as soon as he saw me in the morning, cryed to mee—'Deare Mr. Sheriffe, I leave Cornwall to you safe and sound.'

To my lady Bassett, at her Tehidy, joyfull.'

But though he only lived another year he lived to see these hopes of the royal party utterly shattered. Disunion and quarrelling had broken out ; and the brave army, which when united had been so successful, had become, as Clarendon writes who knew them, 'feared by their friends, scorned by their enemies, terrible only in plunder and resolute in running away.' It was the same all over the kingdom ; the king's cause was practically lost. At Launceston



PENDENNIS.

Photo by Frith & Co.



TRINFITH HOUSE, WENDRON.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.

desertions began, and when Hopton called a council of war, the officers declared they would fight no more, and began without their general's consent to treat for themselves—all discipline was over, the soldiers of the two armies mingled as friends, and Hopton rode away to St. Michael's Mount and sailed thence to Scilly, whither the Prince of Wales had escaped. The rest of the royal army in Cornwall was disbanded at Tresillian Bridge, near Truro.

Fairfax with the parliamentary army swept through the west like an overwhelming storm. St. Michael's Mount soon surrendered, but Pendennis castle held out with a bravery that has made the siege celebrated. In 1643 a Cornishman, Colonel John Arundell, was appointed governor of the castle. Here in the following year he sheltered the poor queen, Henrietta Maria, on her way of escape from Exeter to France. On the 17th March, 1646, Fairfax took up his position close by at Arwenack, the beautiful house which had been nearly destroyed by the king's forces to prevent its affording shelter to the enemy.

To Fairfax's summons to surrender the castle the brave old Colonel Arundell replied that 'he was seventy years old, and could not have many days to live, and therefore would not in his old years blemish his honour.'

For five months the siege continued, until at length there was not food enough left to last another twenty-four hours; even the horses having been eaten 'for beefe.' Then on honourable terms they surrendered, and the little band of heroes marched out. Starved and ragged but with their trumpets sounding and their drums beating, and full of that brave spirit which, had the king understood how to use it, would have placed him on his throne again. Except Raglan Castle, Pendennis was the last stronghold in England that held out for the king.

St. Mawes Castle and other places had yielded already, and Fairfax, having given his soldiers two days to plunder

Penzance, which had shown great loyalty to the king, left Cornwall utterly crushed.

Since the close of the great Civil War the history of Cornwall has merged in the general history of England and it is not proposed to investigate it in detail any further.

CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF CORNWALL.

You remember the pretty story of the pope, who saw some little Angles, *i.e.* English boys, in Rome, where they were offered for sale as slaves, and who was so much taken with their beauty, and distressed that they should be heathen, that he sent over St. Augustine who converted England. Now that was not the first time England had been converted. The date of the first conversion is uncertain, but it was a very long time before St. Augustine was born, and before the Saxons had conquered the country. No exact date can be fixed. The story that St. Paul ever came here seem quite incredible, and some wonderful old legends about Bran the Blessed, the father of Caractacus, and about Joseph of Arimathea are equally improbable; but in the second century after Christ we find Christian missionaries from Gaul coming to this country—and for a while they made fair progress, at any rate with the dwellers in towns, though the country people were much harder to convert.^g Then suddenly and for two long centuries the progress of the new faith was rudely checked

^g *Pagan* means merely a dweller in the open country, so *Heathen* means a dweller on the heath or downs, *Civil* and *Polite* mean dwelling

by the bitter death-struggle between the invading Angles and Saxons and Jutes and the old Britons. The British Christians were all driven into the Welsh land (the land, that is, of the unintelligible people) which included, amongst other parts of Britain, the counties of Devon and Cornwall, or West Wales. It is not my purpose to tell you the history of the conversion very fully—it is so confused and mixed up with so much legend and nonsense that it is impossible to tell what is true and what is not. It is, however, quite clear that many of the missionaries to this country where men of the utmost bravery and piety—one or two of them I will notice, because they will interest you and will illustrate quite as well as more celebrated ones the nature of the legends that are told of these old-world heroes. From the Land's End to about Perran the missionaries seem to have been mostly Irish; in the Lizard district and along the south coast, Armorican;^h and in East Cornwall, Welsh. Note that I only say that these are their general districts; there are exceptions, for instance, Illogan is said by some to take its name from a Welsh saint, Illog. Among the two hundred remaining dedications of ancient churches in Cornwall, about three-fourths are national (*i.e.* Celtic), and are probably more ancient than those which are common to all Christendom. Although Cornwall and other parts of England and Wales into which the Saxons drove the British Christians have held that faith longer continuously than the rest of England, yet their first conversion was considerably later. The conversion of Cornwall seems to have begun in the fifth century, when a party of missionaries from Ireland

in a city. If you think over the present meaning of these words, and how they came to have such meanings, you will have learnt a great deal of the history of Christianity and civilisation.

^h *i.e.* From the country now called Brittany, but formerly called Armorica.

landed at Hayle, and amongst them St. Ewinus or Uny 'the martyr' to whom the Redruth parish church and a church at Lelant are dedicated, and his sister St. Ia. Little is known of them except that St. Ia crossed the sea on a leaf, and that on their arrival at Hayle a portion of the band was slain by Tewdar the 'tyrant' of whom you will hear more hereafter in the description of St. Meriasec. Tewdar was probably a local chieftain who resented the intrusion of strangers into his district; and not unnaturally so, for the new comers were aggressive and a source of danger. St. Piran, the patron of tanners, was also an Irish saint, and is said (as are some other saints) to have floated over from Ireland on a stone. Probably this means that he brought with him a stone altar, or perhaps a coffin, which had been consecrated or blessed by a bishop before he left Ireland. Whether Piran was the same as the great St. Kieran 'first born of the saints of Ireland' is not certain. It is generally thought that they were the same, and the fact that the 5th of March is the feast-day of both is strong evidence of their being so. At Perranzabuloe are the ruins of an interesting little church for hundreds of years buried under the sands, but discovered and dug out early in the last century. Men who understand these things are quite satisfied that it is a real old British church—probably the oldest church in England—unless indeed Gwithian old church be of about the same age.

The only other saint I will mention was an Armorican, St. Meriasec or Meriadoc, who founded a church at Camborne. He was the son of an Armorican prince of the seventh century; but hardly anything is known of him beyond the traditions found in a curious old Cornish play bearing his name and of which you will find more told you in the appendix. It is very interesting, in fact the



ST. PIRAN'S CROSS.



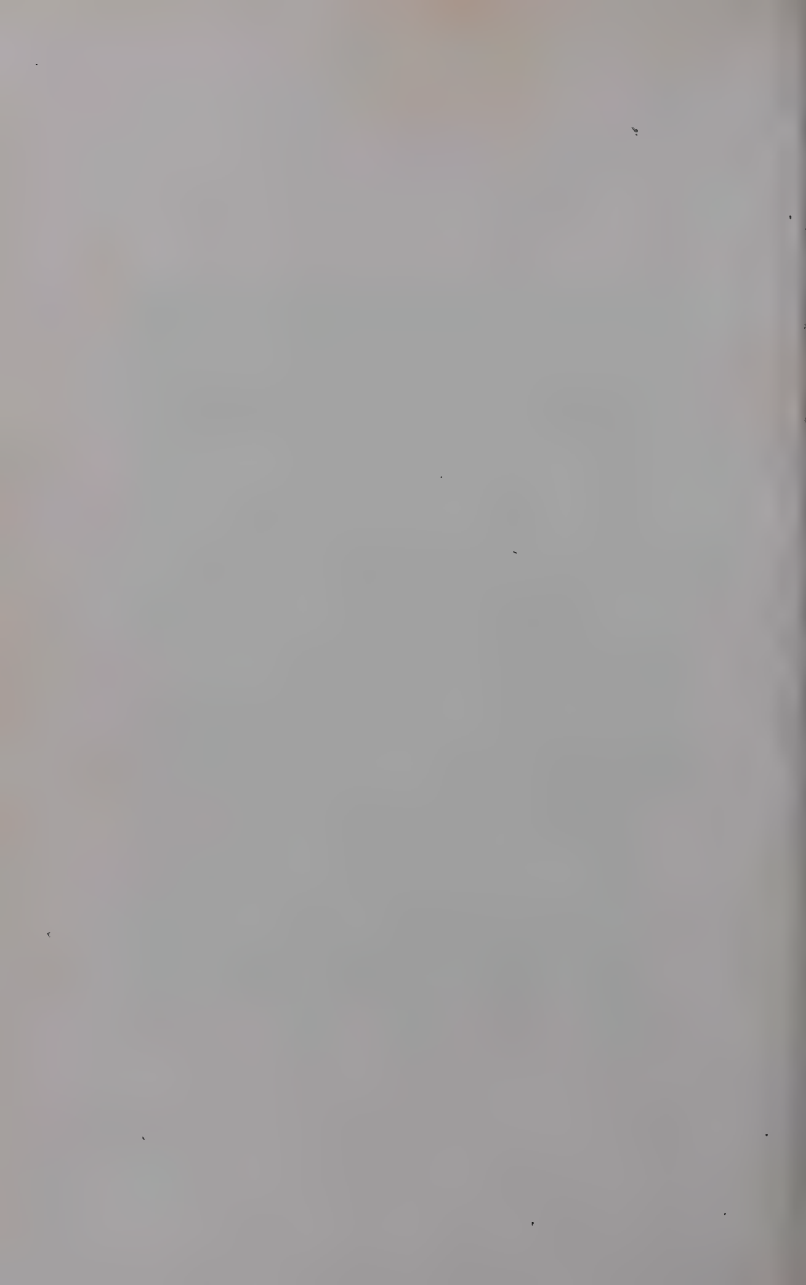
IN PHILLACK CHURCHYARD

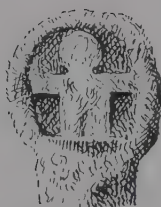
Photo by I. C. Burrow.



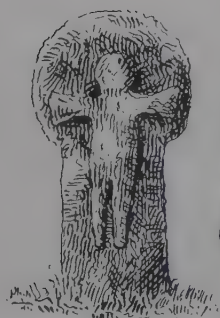
AT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.





Clowance
Crowan.



Medron. Ch. yd



In Merther Vny old churchyard
S. Wendron.



Trevean
S. Erth.

most interesting of all the old Cornish miracle plays,ⁱ because of the number of places it mentions that we know.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF CORNWALL (*continued*).

It is not wonderful that the Britons should accept Christianity so readily as they did. They were mostly Celts, emotional, excitable, and prone to change^k and such was the change now presented to them that a much cooler and more calculating race would have greedily accepted it. I do not intend to attempt a description of the celebrated old religion of Druidism, for little is really known of it. Though the fancy of antiquaries has discovered Druidic remains everywhere, yet other authorities assert, and probably rightly, that there is very little evidence of the Druids having ever been in England at all, and certainly none of their having been in Devon and Cornwall. But whether the religion of the old Britons was Druidic or not, they seem to have known none but such as was cruel and heartless, and there was now presented to them a religion which taught gentleness and love, and which for the first time presented God to them as seeking their good through his own pain and suffering, instead of as a being who gave mankind nothing without some sacrifice in return. The contrast of the Christian priesthood too with that of the older faiths must have appealed to every noble instinct.

ⁱ The Cornish called a play a *guare* or *gwarry*, and the place where it was performed the plain-an-gwarry. (*See Appendix*).

^k St. Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians continually complains of this characteristic, see chapter i, verse 6. (*Galatia was in Asia Minor*)

Their own priests and those of heathen Rome lived lives of careless sensual enjoyment, and frequently ground down the people to make a profit for themselves—these Christian missionaries gave up all, and faced the dangers of sea and forest that they might do good to men who were strangers to them, but whom they recognised as suffering brothers. And so 'swift and strong as the wildfire through the heather of its mountains,' Christianity made its way and got a hold on Cornwall that it has never quite lost—and, unlike the rest of England, Cornwall has for at least 1400 years had the same religion.

The Cornish at some time or other established a bishopric which lasted for a considerable time, but its origin seems veiled in impenetrable mystery. I am not going to weary you with questions that to older people are of great interest and that have been discussed sometimes with unnecessary warmth.

The British church differed from the Saxon church not only as to the proper date for certain feasts and other matters (which could not matter a bit, but about which they quarrelled a good deal) but also in not being subject to the pope of Rome. King Edward the Elder in appointing a bishop of Crediton (in Devon) distinctly recognises the independence of the Cornish church and his disapproval of their doctrines; for he gave this bishop three manors in Cornwall 'that from thence he might every year visit the Cornish race to extirpate their errors; for they had previously to the utmost of their power resisted the truth, and had not obeyed the apostolic decrees,' which probably does not mean that the Cornish were less Christian than the rest of the country, but merely that they were averse from any imposed authority. When King Athelstan had overrun the whole of Cornwall he seems, as we have already seen, to have allowed Howel, the king, to continue to rule under himself. In the same way Conan seems to

have been bishop of the British church in Cornwall at the time of its conquest, and to have continued as such on the submission of the county to Athelstan.

Some few years ago a very valuable manuscript was found, being a copy of the four gospels, rudely illuminated in a style similar to that met with in ancient Irish manuscripts. This is known as the 'Bodmin gospels,' from its having once been the property of the priory at that place. On the margins and in vacant spaces throughout the MS. are forty-six entries of manumissions or freeing of slaves, and from these curious entries we learn the names and dates of some of the Cornish bishops of whom we should otherwise know nothing whatever. The earliest entry was in the reign of King Eldred (A.D. 946 to 955). I give you a copy of this in the old Saxon as it is in the MS. as well as in modern English, that you may see how little our language has changed.

'Wuennon and hire team, Moruith hir swuster and hire team,
' *Wuennon and her family, Morvith her sister and her family,*
and Wurgustel and his team, warun gefreod her on tune, for
and Wurgustel and his family, were freed here in town, for
Eadryde Cyninge, and for Aethel[gar] Biscop, on thas hirydes
Edred King, and for Athelgar Bishop, on the witness of the
gewitnesse the her on tune syndum.'
brotherhood who are here in the town.'

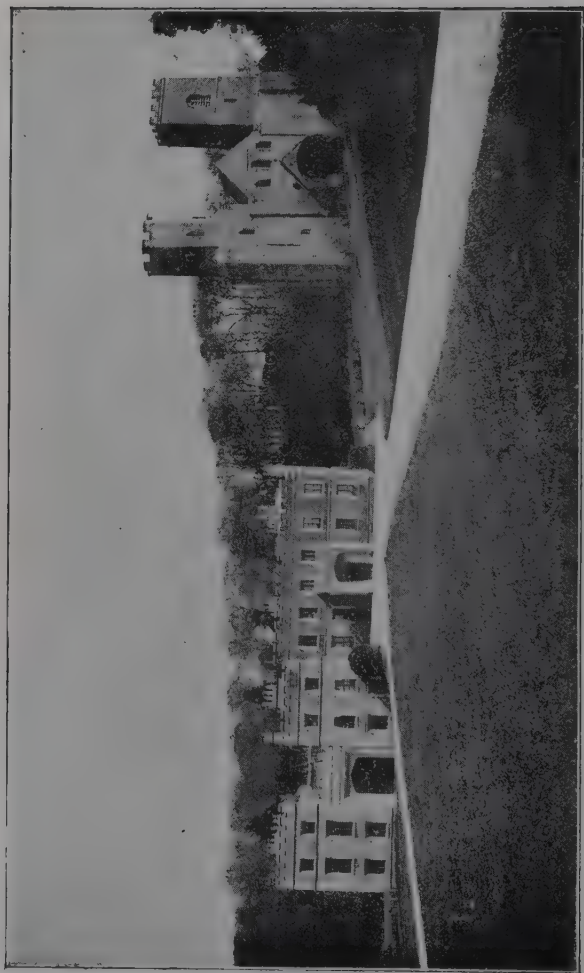
At length, in 1032, King Canute appointed one Lyving to the bishopric of Crediton, and authorised him, on the death of Burhwold, bishop of Cornwall, to hold the latter see with his own. In or about 1042 Burhwold, the last separate bishop of Cornwall died, and Lyving took his bishopric. In 1046 Lyving was succeeded in both these bishoprics by Leofric; and in 1050 King Edward united the two bishoprics into one, and Leofric became the first bishop of Exeter. As you know, they were separated again, and a bishop for Cornwall appointed, with his see at Truro, in 1876. The first bishop of Truro was Dr. Benson, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury.

It may interest you to know that Truro used not to be the seat of the bishop. People have discussed the question a good deal as to whether it was at Bodmin or St. Germans. The best authorities consider that it was at Bodmin until that town was pillaged by the Danes, when it was removed to St. Germans. Under the date 981, the Welsh chronicles state, 'The Danes overran and pillaged Devon and Gornwall, burned the town of Bodmin and the cathedral of St. Petrock, with the bishop's house; which occasioned the bishop's see to be removed to St. Germans;' and the Saxon chronicle says, 'In this year St. Petrockstow was ravaged, and that same year was much harm done everywhere by the sea-coast, as well among the men of Devon as among the Welsh' (*i.e.* the West-Welsh or Cornish). These passages from the old chronicles give us a capital insight into the insecure life our ancestors led in those wild old times.

CHAPTER XIX.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF CORNWALL (*continued*).

As the years went by the doctrines and practices of the Romish church got a hold on the people; the gorgeous ceremonial and wonderful mysteries of that great faith doubtless appealing to the imaginative splendour-loving and superstitious Celt—and, though they were then and still are so fond of change, yet, when Henry VIII tried to force the new reformed religion on them, the Cornish stoutly resisted, for they have ever been an independent minded race, and so (as you have seen in an earlier part of this little book) fought bravely for their faith. By degrees,



ST. GERMANS CHURCH & PORT ELIOT.

however, they became largely affected by that dislike of Rome and all its ways, which became characteristic of the rest of England, and when the great John Wesley began his mission of reforming the Church of England by giving it more living power, they eagerly embraced the new doctrines.

The great Methodist revival of the 18th century is well worth study, but to understand it and see it in its true light require a greater knowledge of the world than young people possess. The church of to-day is very different from the church of the 18th century, and nonconformists too have long left behind them the views of John Wesley. It is not for me to say whether the changes are for the better or the worse. I only remark that a rigid adherence to any system, a refusal to adapt forms and ceremonies to the varying circumstances of different days is not a sign of health, but an evidence that the religion of which they are the outward and visible signs has lost its hold on the everyday life of the people, whereas in Cornwall the people (whatever else their faults may be) have ever striven to make their faith a living reality, a true guide in everyday life—and as the surroundings of that life have varied, and knowledge has grown, their religion has adapted itself to its fresh surroundings and brighter light.

One of the most prominent features of Cornish religion is the love of hymns—music has ever been one of the readiest roads to the Cornishman's heart. Fuller, a very quaint old writer (who was chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton of whom I have told you), says, speaking of the ancient bards of the Britons, that they played 'excellently to their songs on their harps; whereby they had great operation on the vulgar, surprising them into civility unawares, they greedily devouring whatsoever was sweetened with music.'

APPENDIX.

THE OLD CORNISH LANGUAGE.

The gradual extinction of one language by another is always an interesting study. The extinction of Welsh by English is a chapter of history still incomplete, while the kindred tongue of Cornwall has long since been driven from the field.

It was no doubt at one time universal, and even now about nine tenths of the names of places and people are Cornish. We can trace its gradual decay to some extent in the bishops' registers, and in old writers. For instance, when Bishop Grandisson in 1336 wanted to preach to the people of St. Buryan he had to get the rector of St. Just to repeat his words in Cornish. In 1339 a chaplain was licensed to preach in St. Merryn church in that language. In 1355 we get evidence of the spread of English in the appointment of some clergymen to serve those who knew both languages, and of a Truro friar to serve those who knew Cornish only. In 1600 the old writer Carew tells us that almost everyone understood English, but could still enjoy the 'guaries' that were performed in Cornish. In the time of the Tudor sovereigns when so many brave Cornishmen served in the naval fights, a desire seems to have come to Cornishmen to be more closely allied with England, and to speak the same language. It is to this that we owe the introduction of English into the church services that is said to have been begun by Dr. Mooreman, vicar of Menhenyot, who died in 1554. Even as late as 1644 we are told by Richard Symonds, who was here as a king's soldier in the great Civil War, the people in outlying parts, such as

■
Goonhilly, Pendennis and the Land's End, knew no English. But in a few years after, the ancient tongue seems to have been forgotten by all but old folk here and there.

The neighbourhood of Newlyn and Mousehole seem to have been the last places where the old tongue was spoken, but the legend of Dolly Pentreath 'the last person who spoke Cornish,' has been well said to justify the first words of her epitaph 'Here lieth.'¹ It is in names of persons and places we must now seek the remains of the old tongue—for examples, Treseder, Penberthy, Rodda, Buzza, Redinick, etc.

You know how many words are still used in Cornwall that people who do not live here are puzzled to understand. These are frequently old Celtic words that have never died out. I cannot tell you much about the old language, but when you get hold of any old Cornish book look through it and see how many words you can recognise.

You have heard uneducated people say 'come sit down and have a bit *couzy*,' meaning a gossip. In an old Cornish drama King David uses the word *cous* for a talk, and you may see the word in the sentence that the old Cornish used to an Englishman 'Mee a navidna *cowza* Sawzneck,' 'I cannot talk Saxon.' You notice I say *uneducated* people—educated people who read books written in good English soon get out of these provincialisms, and get quite foolishly ashamed of them. Pronunciations too are constantly changing amongst one class, whereas the other is more conservative. In the western neighbourhood we still call wrestling, *wrastling*; chew, *chow*; and so did everyone in Shakespeare's day. We speak of our *maisters*, and so did everyone 300 years ago. A man who puts on slates we

¹ She seems to have been an ugly tempered old woman who remembered a few phrases, one of which she was wont to throw at any who offended her, *Cronak an hagar dhu*, which means 'the ugly black toad.' The word *dhu* often occurs in place-names such as Baldhu, Poldhu, etc.

call a *hellier*; a basket, a *frail*; children, *childer*; a footstool, a *tut*; a widower, a *widowman*; the doorjambs, the *durns*; roots, *mores*; earthenware, *clome*; black cherries, *mazzards*; a shovel, a *showl*; and so on; and in doing so we are talking good English, only it is a few hundreds of years after its time.

Again a *paré* of men for a party of two or more, is a Celtic word meaning *company*. So a *pigscrow*, *plosh*, *scat*, *busy-all*, *out-of-the-way*, (unseemly) are all words and phrases that can be found in the old Cornish literature, of which I speak in the next section.

CORNISH LITERATURE.

I do not know of any Cornish sentence older than 1265, and the first *printed* Cornish is, as far as is known, the table of numerals and a few scraps of conversation in a book written in 1542. There is a fifteenth century poem known as Mount Calvary, that tells the sacred story of Christ's passion in Cornish, the incidents being taken mostly from the bible but partly from the apocryphal gospels. But the most interesting remains of Cornish are the guaries or miracle plays.

In former times the Cornish people were great lovers of the theatre, and some of the old miracle plays still exist. They are dramatic representations of bible history, and of the lives of the saints, and must have been very useful in instructing people. A miracle play is still sometimes acted at Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria. In most parts of England and on the continent these plays were performed on movable theatres, and consisted of several parts, each long enough



ST. UNY LELANT CHURCH.

Photo by J. C. Burrow



MANACCAN CHURCH SOUTH DOORWAY.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.

to last a day. For instance, at Chester each of the gilds of the city would perform a portion, and then move on to another part of the city, their place being taken by another set of performers ; so that a person coming to the same place day after day would see the whole series, from the fall of Lucifer (performed by the tanners) to the tragedy of Doomsday (performed by the websters). But in Cornwall the theatres were permanently fixed in some place. Of these old Cornish theatres traces still remain and retain their old name of Plain-an-guaré, or the Place of the Play. The best known is at St. Just in Penwith. This was a circle of 126 feet diameter, and would accommodate about 2,000 persons. Perran Round is very similar, but had a three foot pit in it, which perhaps served as the infernal region, concerning which peoples ideas were as curious then as they are now. I do not know how long since the Plain-an-guaré at Redruth disappeared, but a traveller who went through Cornwall in 1842 states that it was then nearly destroyed.

The old Cornish plays surviving are, first : a series of three, known as *The Beginning of the World*, *The Passion*, and the *Resurrection* ; secondly : *Gwreans-an-Bys*, or *The Creation of the World* ; and lastly, one full of interest *The Life of St. Meriasec*. Some few years ago a MS. in the Cornish language was discovered, which proved to be a miracle play dealing with the life of St. Meriadoc one of the patron saints of Camborne church written in the fifteenth century, but apparently copied from an older writing.

The play opens with the sending of Meriadoc (or, as the Cornish called him, Meriasec) to school, whither he departs with the blessing of his parents, a duke of Brittany and his wife. Arrived at school he is welcomed by a very pompous master who exhibits the proficiency of his pupils by calling forward the most advanced, who says :—

'God help A B and C !
The end of the song is D ;
No more is known by me,'

but promises to learn more after dinner. On his return to Brittany, whither the fame of his learning and virtue had preceded him, the king comes to visit his father, and proposes an advantageous marriage for Meriasec with a wealthy princess. His parents join the king in urging the marriage on Meriasec, who, however declares that his only desire is to devote his life to Christ. In spite of their upbraidings he continues firm. His father urges—

'All men shall laugh at us !
Who is to have our wealth
Unless you married are
And children have?'

to which the saint replies—

'Father, make Christ your heir,
Or to your kin your substance give—
It's nought to me; I'll never touch
Your riches while I live.'

and continues with a long sermon on the evil of riches that makes King Conan fling away in a passion, while his parents, relenting from their anger, give him their blessing. He is then consecrated as a priest; and at once performs a couple of miracles, restoring a blind man's sight and a cripple's wholeness of limb. He sails for Cornwall, where (having allayed a storm and converted the crew on the way over) he safely lands; and asking a slave whom he meets, 'Whose chapel is that?' and being told that it is 'Mary of Camborne's chapel,' he expresses his intention of building his oratory by the side of it. He finds, however, that water is scarce, and by prayer produces a well. In connection with this well, or at any rate, a well at Camborne, I may mention that it is not many years since people who washed in it were called 'Merrasickers.' Meriasec acquired for it the power of allaying madness. It is now destroyed.

His miracles being reported to Teudar, the traditional tyrant of Cornwall, that worthy starts off with his soldiers to seize and punish Meriasec. In reply to Teudar's questions, the saint sets forth his creed in few and simple words. A long discussion follows, which Teudar endeavours to end by saying—

'No good can come of argument,
Though it do last for aye.
I'll be thy truest friend
If thou wilt Christ deny.
A bishop I will make thee
The whole wide country o'er—
This only do I ask thee
The God Mahound to adore.'

Meriasec retorts that the argument might just as well be concluded by *Teudar's* worshipping *Christ*—both parties lose their temper, and Teudar set his torturers on to Meriasec, who hides under a rock until his pursuers have left; when he takes ship and sails away to Brittany.

The play closes with Meriasec's death. Surrounded by sorrowing clergymen he passes away with the words, 'Into Thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit.' The stage direction here is very curious, it says:—'Ye holy goste aredy ffro hevyn to fetch ye sowle, and ye sowle aredy,' reminding one of the death of Judas where, in some of the old plays, the stage direction provides for letting go a blackbird from under his coat to represent the departing spirit in its flight.

It has been suggested that one of the objects of the miracle plays was to attract people to fairs and markets. We learn from its close that this drama had lasted at any rate more than one day; and the whole performance ends with this curious speech to the crowd. A worthy duke blesses them all in the name of Meriasec, of Mary of Camborne, and of the apostles, and says:—

'Come, join the players in a drink before you go;
And, piper, strike a tune, and let us dance.'

Go ye or stay, right welcome shall ye be,
Aye, though ye stay a week !'

The Cornish miracle plays and religious poems are, like most others, full of old legends from the apocryphal gospels and other sources. Some are not very nice, but some are full of poetry. For instance, the bursting asunder of Judas is explained by the fact that his wicked soul could not pass the lips that had kissed Christ. The story, too, of Longius the blind soldier who pierced the body of Christ so that the blood ran down his spear to his hands, and with his wet hands he wiped his eyes, and was at once restored to sight and converted to Christianity, is very beautiful.

The Cornish miracle plays, too, are like others in being 'localised.' For instance, Solomon rewards the messenger who brings him news of David's death and his own accession to the throne by giving him several manors in Cornwall. Amongst other places mentioned in these plays as scriptural localities are Budock, Penryn, Arwennack, Feock and Hayle.

CORNISH WRECKING.

You have heard stories of the terrible cruelties formerly practised by the Cornishmen, who are said to have been in the habit of putting up false lights to lure unfortunate ships on to the rocks and then plundering them. They may have done so, but no one has ever produced any evidence to support these stories. They were until quite recently terrible smugglers, that is, men who brought spirits and other goods into the country without paying the government tax on them; and they often committed horrible



PAINTING OF ST CHRISTOPHER AT POUGHILL.

murders of custom-house officers and others who tried to stop them.

Indeed they looked on the officers as people who were interfering with an honest trade, and who, therefore, were rightly punished. At Mylor is a tombstone on which is inscribed this epitaph, dated 1814—

‘ We have not a moment we can call our own—Officious zeal, in luck-
less hour, laid wait,
And wilful, sent the murderous ball of fate !
James to his home, which late in health he left,
Wounded returns—of life is soon bereft !”

You will see that this throws all the blame on the officer, and no doubt the villagers generally agreed.

Some very interesting letters still exist in which a Penzance lawyer, called Borlase, tells how in 1748 (during the rebellion, that is, to put King James’ grandson on the throne) a privateer with Scotch and Irish on board tried to land at Penzance but got stranded, and the people seized all their arms and ammunition, not for the king but for themselves. But the most interesting part of these letters describes how when a ship was seen to be in danger the ‘ tynners ’ would rush off by hundreds from their work and, armed with axes, follow a ship till it came ashore, and then cut it to pieces, and take all they could find. Not only did this cause terrible loss by letting the water into the mines while the men were away, but it was itself a very cruel and wicked thing to do. In one letter to General Onslow, dated 15th March, 1753, Mr. Borlase says ‘ They cut a large trading vessell to pieces in one tide and cut down everybody that offers to oppose them . . . I have seen many a poor man half dead cast ashore and crawling out of reach of the waves, fallen upon and in a manner stripped naked by these villains, and if afterwards he has saved his chest or any more cloaths they have been taken from him.’ Tradition says that the first time a steamer passed the Lizard the natives took it to be a ship on fire, and followed

along the coast many miles hoping for it to come within reach.

STONE CIRCLES.

Cornwall (especially west Cornwall) is celebrated for the great number of megalithic (that is, great stone) monuments that it contains. They are generally called 'monuments,' but it is not at all certain that that was the purpose of all of them. We have stone circles of which many probably formed parts of great burial mounds, or barrows. Often at a little distance from them are one or more menhirion, that is single, upright stones. These are the circles known as 'Nine Maidens' who dance whenever they hear the clock strike twelve, as in Wendron, or 'Nine Maidens' and 'the fiddler' as on St. Breock downs. Then there are such curious arrangements of stones as the one in Madron parish, known as the Men-an-tol, where foolish people still at times take children to cure them of the rickets. Buildings, stone circles and everything else always become the subject of strange stories and superstitions, when once their real purpose is unknown. A little while ago learned men were as bad as the uneducated in thinking that they must explain everything, and so they wrote as if they had actual knowledge that the Druids and other old folk erected these stones and so on. Nowadays learned men are content when they do not know to say so.

Recently some clever astronomers have discovered that the stones in some of these circles are arranged in lines according to the rising of different stars, and by degrees are getting at the date of their arrangement. Great

attention is being paid by them to the wonderful group called 'The Hurlers' in St. Cleer, and others. It is thought that for some purpose of sacrifice or otherwise it was necessary for the persons engaged to know exactly how long it would be before the sun rose, and that they so arranged some of the stones that when a particular star came in line with them they knew it was time to begin their preparations.

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece. FOWEY HARBOUR. (*From photo by Frith & Co*). This harbour is still a busy place, but was once far more important than it is now. In 1347 no less than 47 ships sailed from here to assist King Edward III in the siege of Calais. They carried 770 men which was a larger number than came from any other port, with the single exception of Yarmouth. But they got into trouble through their pride. They sailed past the towns of Rye and Winchelsea and refused to give them the customary salute, whereupon they were attacked but beat the other boats and came to be known as 'The gallants of Fowey.' Then they attacked the French and made themselves greatly feared; but once in 1457 the French were victorious and landed at Fowey and burned most of the town, but were unable to take Place House, which was defended by a brave woman, Elizabeth Treffry, whose statue is still preserved in the grounds. Their pride and success (we fear they were not always very particular as to whether a ship was really French or not as long as it had a cargo worth seizing) made them enemies who poisoned King Edward IV against them, so that he took away their ships and removed the chain that protected the harbour, stretching across it from a little castle on each side.

In the Civil War there was plenty of fighting at Fowey (on the right side of the river) and at Polruan and Bodinnick (on the left side).

(P. 4). A HUT CIRCLE ON CARN BREA, NEAR REDRUTH. (*From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne*). There are

many of these throughout Cornwall, and most of them were occupied by the neolithic people, as we know from the tools and weapons found in them. The floors are of granite gravel, beaten hard. There are often cooking holes in the floors. The roofs were probably of boughs and heather supported by a pole in the centre of the floor, but I do not know that the pit for this pole has ever been found in Cornwall as it has been on Dartmoor. Probably the cooking holes were used as the Maori of New Zealand still use theirs, namely: heath (or something similar) is first laid at the bottom, on this, meat, then another layer of heath, and meat on this, and finally more heath; then small red hot stones are dropped in and the whole is closed with turf. In some cases a little water is poured in.

(P. 6). A GROUP OF PREHISTORIC TOOLS, WEAPONS, ETC. (from Truro museum). *Photo by Mr. G. Penrose.* The men of old times (no one knows how long ago) who used stone weapons are called palæolithic (or men of the early stone age), and neolithic (or men of the later stone age). The palæolithic tools are often so rude that sometimes it is doubtful whether they really are tools at all, but those of the later age are often beautifully worked. Afterwards we meet with men of the bronze age, when they had learned to use that metal, and then men of the iron age. The illustration shows the following:—

1. Stone celt or axe (rough) from Highgate in the parish of St. Veep.
2. Stone celt (polished) found in a quarry near Falmouth.
3. Flint spear heads from Carn Brea.
4. Flint knife found at Carn Brea.
5. Two spindle-whorls, from the prehistoric burial ground at Harlyn Bay, Cornwall, found in 1900.

6. Flint scrapers from Carn Brea. These curious little tools will serve to scrape a skin clean, to shape a stick, and many another useful purpose.
7. Bronze celt, found with the two gold ornaments of which one is shown at page 13—at Harlyn near Padstow, in 1863.
8. Bronze celt with a socket for taking a handle, found in Wheal Virgin tin stream-works in 1851, about 28 feet below the surface.
9. Flint arrow heads from Carn Brea.

(P. 13). One of two GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND AT HARLYN, near Padstow, in 1863, now in Truro museum. These beautiful ornaments were presented to the museum by H.M. the king, when duke of Cornwall. They are Celtic. (*Photo by Mr. G. Penrose*).

(P. 8). A 'BEE-HIVE' HUT AT BOSPORTHENNIS, (OR BOSPRENNIS) NEAR GURNARD'S HEAD. This consists of two small chambers communicating. The principle on which all such huts are built is that of bringing each course of stones a little further towards the centre than the one below it, so that the walls ultimately meet at the top and make a roof. It is not easy to assign a date to this class of hut, and in the present state of our knowledge, it is safest merely to call them 'prehistoric,' though many were certainly occupied in Romano-British times—*i.e.* the times when Romans and Britons alike lived in England. (*From photo by Gibson & Sons, Penzance*).

(P. 9). Ground plan of same. Entrance at A.

(P. 5). TRETHEVY QUOIT NEAR LISKEARD. The quoits, or dolmens, of which this is an example, are generally the

skeletons of burial barrows from which the earth has been removed. As a rule these barrows belong to the bronze age—the age, that is, when man had learnt the use of the softer metals instead of stone. But frequently there have been subsequent burials in them, so that in the one mound have been found bodies of bronze age men, of Romans and of Saxons. Some, too, at anyrate, are of Romano-British date.

CROSSES.

As everyone knows, Cornwall possesses a great number of old stone crosses. They are mostly rude in workmanship but none the less of great interest. They probably served many purposes, marking the bounds of property, showing the path to church and for preaching stations and so on. They range in date from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries. It is impossible here to name many of them. Some are upright slabs with a Latin cross in relief on front and back, and some are ‘wheel-headed,’ with Latin crosses or the figure of Christ on them. The holed crosses are fairly frequent. At Egloshayle and on Perran Sands are two with only three holes pierced, a design peculiar to Cornwall. Latin crosses are of various ages, some being quite late. Of ornamented crosses I give one or two illustrations, the one from Phillack showing Christ in relief, (*i.e.* the sculpture is raised from the stone), and some not very good Celtic interlaced work. Some of these ornamented crosses have inscriptions as, for example, one at Tintagel on which is cut (in Latin) ‘Alnat had this cross made for the sake of his soul.’

As an illustration of a ‘Gothic’ cross of the fourteenth century I give that at St. Michael’s Mount.

(P. 48). CROSS ON PERRAN SANDS.

(P. 48). CROSS IN PHILLACK CHURCHYARD. *From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne.*

(P. 48). CROSS AT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT. *From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne.*

(P. 48). A PAGE OF CROSSES.

CHURCHES.

Almost every parish has an old church and no matter what denomination people chance to belong to they will generally find something of interest in the church, if they take the trouble to understand what it is. In Cornwall the churches carry us further back in history than in any other county of England. At Perran and Gwithian are two little churches that were built by the Irish missionaries long before the time when St. Augustine converted the rest of England; at Tintagel parts of the church are Saxon; at St. Germans, Manaccan and other places there are remains of the buildings of the Normans; at St. Anthony (near Falmouth), Lelant, St. Cleer and elsewhere is work of the thirteenth century; St. Michael's Mount chapel, St. Ive, the exquisite steeple of Lostwithiel church, and many other examples show us what sort of churches our people built during the fourteenth century, and the most frequent of all styles in Cornwall is that of the fifteenth century usually known as the 'perpendicular,' from the frequency of straight upright lines in its tracery. Examples of this style are St. Neot, Fowey, and St. Just in Penwith. St. Mary's, Truro (now part of the

cathedral) is an example of the sixteenth century. Between that date and a few years ago the churches that were built can hardly be classed as having any distinctive style at all. Quite recently, however, our architects have designed many beautiful churches, as St. Elwyn's, Hayle; Kea, and the cathedral at Truro.

(P. 12). ST. PIRAN'S ORATORY. (*From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne*). This little oratory is probably the oldest place of worship in England, dating from the 9th century. A later church close by, whose site the cross at p. 48 marks, was removed in 1805 to a safer place inland to prevent its being buried by the sands.

(P. 57). MANACCAN CHURCH, SO. DOORWAY. (*From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne*). This is a fine example of the earlier Norman doorways of Cornwall. The later ones are far more elaborate, but not more beautiful. These doorways, as well as the Norman fonts, were fortunately often preserved by the old builders even when they pulled down and re-erected all the rest of the church in a new style. The most elaborate Norman doorway in Cornwall is in the west front of St. Germans church.

(P. 53). ST. GERMANS WEST FRONT. Nearly all this is Norman work; it is very beautiful. This church once belonged to a priory of monks, most of whom seem to have been very good and worthy men. The plate shows also Port Eliot, formerly part of the priory, and now the residence of the earl of St. Germans.

(P. 56). LELANT CHURCH. Most of Lelant church was built late in the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth

century, but parts of the tower, and the round arch and heavy piers that are shown in the illustration are Norman.

(P. 70). CHURCH OF ST. EARTH. (*From photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne*). This is a typical Cornish church of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. As usual with Cornish towers built before the fifteenth century this has no buttresses. It is one of the smallest churches in the county, but the proportions are so good it does not appear small.

(P. 60). MURAL PAINTING OF ST. CHRISTOPHER IN POUGHILL CHURCH. This is one of the many paintings that in the middle ages adorned the walls of our churches. It was considered lucky to see St. Christopher the first thing in the morning, and, as it was generally painted facing the principal entrance on the south, all who went to church did so.

CASTLES.

Of the old castles of Cornwall, but few remains exist. Tintagel, where the old stories tell us King Arthur was born, is a mere ruin, but enough remains to show that it is about 700 years old. Launceston, Trematon, and Restormel are Norman castles built to assist in keeping the rather rebellious Cornish in good order. Some of the castle at St. Michael's Mount is early, but most of it dates only from the days of Henry VII. Pengersic in Breage, Pendennis and St. Mawes date from about the time of Henry VIII, and Star Castle, Scilly, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.



ST. ERTH CHURCH & BRIDGE.

Photo by J. C. Burrow.

(P. 16). TINTAGEL CASTLE. These picturesquely placed ruins are partly of the thirteenth century, but mostly of later age. The castle has been ruinous ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is chiefly celebrated as the birth-place of King Arthur.

‘On the night

When Uther in Tintagil passed away
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
 Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
 Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
 Descending thro’ the dismal night—a night
 In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
 It seem’d in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
 A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,
 And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
 Dropt to the cove, and watch the great sea fall,
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
 Till last a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
 Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
 And down the wave and in the flame was borne
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin’s feet,
 Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried ‘The King!
 Here is an heir for Uther!’

This is part of the wonderful story told by Lord Tennyson of ‘The coming of Arthur.’ He did not make up the story but took the old legends and made of them a poem that every man and child can enjoy and is the better for reading.

(P. 34). LAUNCESTON CASTLE (also called Dunheved Castle). (*From photo by Frith & Co.*) In the old days when our Celtic ancestors settled anywhere the chief took one part of the land and established his *caer* there, the church folk took another distinct part which was called a *llan*. At Launceston this curious division can still be traced—the chief and his party occupied the fort of Dunheved and the land around it, and the saints (as they were called) held what is now the parish of St. Stephen’s, Launceston.

As the castle grew in importance it stole the name of Launceston from the saints, and the older name of *Dunheved* was forgotten. The present castle was built by the Normans, but there was a fortress there long before any Normans came to England at all.

(P. 36). **RESTORMEL CASTLE.** This is still often called by its older name of Lestormel, which shows that it was a chieftain's settlement in very early times. The present castle was built about the time of Henry III. There is, however, very little left. In the great Civil War the parliamentary soldiers defended it against the king's troops but the royalist general, Sir Richard Grenville, took it in 1644.

(P. 44). **PENDENNIS CASTLE** was built in the time of Henry VIII, but there were earthworks on the hill before that. It was a strong castle when artillery was weak, but nowadays the whole building could be knocked down by a shot or two from a few miles off. For its brave defence in the great Civil War see p. 45. Part of the outer walls was built in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and many of the buildings are quite recent. *From photo by Frith & Co.*

(P. 45). **TRENETHIC HOUSE, WENDRON.** (*Photo by Mr. J. C. Burrow, Camborne*). This Tudor mansion is full of interest. Its beautiful doorways, and one old oak door, its fine stone staircase, its old ceilings, its mullioned windows, and the well preserved 'barbican' or gate-house are all worth seeing. It has, too, the further charm of a secret chamber which was discovered in 1881, when search was made for it because there was the tradition of a ghost who occupied such a home. The story tells

that the ghost was that of a clergyman who lived here for thirty years, and after death continued to haunt the house and frighten the tenants by the weird sounds he made by night. At length his spirit was laid to rest by some neighbouring clergyman. There are still some people foolish enough to believe in the ghost, though since he was 'laid to rest' we do not think any fancy they have seen him.

(Pp. 32 and 33). SIR JOHN ELIOT was one of the noblest friends of liberty that England has ever known. He was born in 1590, and lived at St. Germans. His courage in opposing King Charles' tyrannies got him into trouble and he was more than once in gaol. We give his portrait before his last imprisonment, and one painted just before his death in the Tower of London, where he passed away at the early age of 42.

These pictures are amongst the treasures of Port Eliot and are reproduced by the courteous permission of the earl of St. Germans.

(P. 40). SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE was another of the noble characters developed by the Civil War. See page 38. All children who like a really good story full of adventure should read Canon Thynne's story 'Sir Bevil.' This portrait is taken from a painting belonging to Prebendary Granville of Exeter, and reproduced by his kind permission.

(P. 41). ANTHONY PAYNE. This illustration is taken from the beautiful painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the museum at Truro. It is worth any young person's while going to see—and there is much else worth seeing there too. It is said he was 7-ft. 2-in. in height, and that his

'Sword was made to match his size,
As Roundheads did remember;
And when it swung 'twas like the whirl
Of windmills in September.'

He is also credited with a ready wit, a kind heart, and a loving devotion to his master Sir Bevil Grenville. (*From a photo by Mr. George Penrose*).

(P. 74). LORD EXMOUTH. Cornwall has produced many splendid sailors, and amongst them Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, has a place in the front rank. He entered the navy when thirteen years old, and very soon showed the 'stuff' he was made of. In 1793 he took the first frigate in our war with France under circumstances of great bravery; in 1796 he showed equal courage in saving the crew of a transport wrecked at Plymouth; in 1799 he stopped a dangerous mutiny by coolly walking amongst the rioters and seizing the ring-leader; in 1807 he destroyed the Dutch fleet in the East Indies, and in 1816 he conducted with great skill the bombardment of Algiers and the rescue of the Christian prisoners of the dey. These are only a few of the great deeds of a man whose guiding principles in life were courage and truthfulness.



LORD EXMOUTH.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

